

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED

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MME. EMMA EAMES,

THE AMERICAN PRIMA-DONNA, IN GRAND OPERA AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.  
FROM PHOTOGRAPH, COPYRIGHT 1893, BY B. T. FALK, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 349.]



## CHRISTMAS NUMBER FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY

A Rare Collection of Beautiful and Interesting Contributions by Famous Artists, Writers, and Poets.

The CHRISTMAS LESLIE will be for sale at all book and news stores on December 11th. Its price will be 25 cents per copy.

It will not be excelled by any other American pictorial. It will embrace thirty-six pages of extra calendered paper, with a handsome illuminated cover, and will be profusely illustrated with some of the finest work of the best of American artists and engravers.

The leading story is by Kate Jordan, a young writer who has achieved fame in our recent literature. Other contributors include Robert C. V. Meyers, Thomas P. Montfort, Lynn R. Meekins, J. L. Harbour, and Margaret Sutton Briscoe, who is universally recognized as one of the strongest of our modern writers of fiction.

There are strong poems by Madison Cawein, Frank Dempster Sherman, Annie L. Muzzey, and Henry Tyrrell.

Artistically, the Christmas number will attract special attention. Among the artistic contributors are B. West Clinedinst, A. B. Wenzel, H. Helmick, Alice Barber Stephens, Miss G. A. Davis, Albert Scott Cox, F. S. Church, and Dan Smith.

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### LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

W. J. ARKELL, Publisher.

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### Republican Reorganization.



organization is finding pronounced expression. It is to be hoped that this time the agitation will result in something practical and effective.

It is the simple truth that the Republican party in this State has no organization which is adequate to the demands of an active campaign. Such organization as it has is a mere system of shreds and patches, without competent leadership or coherency of purpose. In the recent campaign there was a lamentable and humiliating absence of well-considered management and effort. The State executive committee, it is true, maintained headquarters in this city for a few weeks, but no member of it will pretend that its labors amounted to anything at all in the way of practical results. The campaign ran itself. The so-called managers had no intelligent conception of the situation in the State at large. No systematic effort was made either to stimulate the registration or to assure the polling of the party vote. The result was seen in the fact that thousands of Republicans failed to go to the polls. We can mention towns in which the percentage of absentees exceeded that of any previous campaign. This was due to the circumstance that there was no organization, that the masses of the party had no faith in the party management, and no confidence at all as to the result.

The victory achieved was due to the vote of the independents and honest Democrats who went to the polls and voted the straight Republican ticket as the best and only effective method of rebuking the bosses who have brought their party to its present desperate straits.

We have said again and again, and we now repeat, that if the Republican party in this State is to have any future

as such, it must organize under leadership reflecting the best impulses of the party, and upon a basis approved by the experience of other States. There is no reason at all why we should not have in this State an organization as thorough and minute as that which exists, for instance, in Ohio and Indiana, in which the actual sentiment of the party finds expression, and which has proved itself equal to the demands of the severest contests.

It is the idlest nonsense to assume that there is not enough of devotion to principle and of genuine patriotism among the Republicans of this State upon which to build a perfectly equipped and effective organization. The masses of the party are sound to the core on all the essentials of the party faith. They are proud of the party history, and they will respond gladly and enthusiastically to any appeal looking to the mobilization of the party forces along proper lines.

The work of reform should begin right here in this metropolis. The demand for it is urgent. A dozen earnest men taking the matter in hand could in a week set in motion influences which would be irresistible in the direction of the purification of party methods, and the elimination of the treacherous and untrustworthy factions which have for years made success impossible. There is no doubt at all that the late campaign here was marked by most disreputable trafficking with Tammany on the part of a good many Republicans. The revelations of the outrageous frauds in the Second Assembly District, where Republican "workers" co-operated in the suppression of Republican votes, are conclusive on this point. All men of this stamp, who are capable of selling out their party, or of entering into alliances prejudicial to its character, must be remorselessly thrown overboard. Clear the decks, and then man the ship for offensive and defensive work, putting in command such men as can be relied upon to labor honestly for the triumph of party principle and the promotion of the public welfare by wise legislation and upright government. Safety and an honorable future lie this way; defeat and dishonor await us in any other path.

### A Humiliating Fact.



HE extent to which the ordinary agencies for the maintenance of law and order have been vitiated in this and other States is strikingly illustrated by the fact that it is found necessary for citizens to combine outside of these agencies to secure the punishment of criminals. It is an anomaly, and at the same time a humiliating commentary on the untrustworthiness and inefficiency of the constituted

authority, that law-breakers of almost every class have been able to defy the law and perpetrate with impunity crimes against the social order.

We recently witnessed the spectacle in Brooklyn of a whole community protesting in vain against a proposed prize-fight, the officers of the law unblushingly avowing their determination not to interfere. Since then frauds upon the ballot have been openly perpetrated, and all appeals to the legal authorities, whose duty it is to bring offenders of this class to justice, have been in vain. In New Jersey the prosecuting officers have for years protected gamblers and other criminals against punishment, and have in some cases avowed their determination to shield offenders against the purity of elections. The result is that citizens are obliged to perform at their own cost the work which legitimately belongs to the officers of the law. It is fortunate that there is enough of civic virtue to beget activity in this direction. Were it not so, the community would be left prostrate and helpless in the presence of the most monstrous outrages upon popular rights and the most dangerous assaults upon individual safety.

It is to be hoped that the popular awakening to an appreciation of the dangers resulting from the incapacity and infidelity of public officials and their alliance in very many instances with the criminal classes may result in a vigorous and widespread movement looking to a radical improvement in the character of that department of public service which has to do with the enforcement of the law. It is not enough that for the time being the scoundrels who prey upon the public have been baffled and defeated, and the officials who sympathize with them have been sharply rebuked. That defeat must be made permanent, and the rebuke so justly bestowed must have practical outcome in so strengthening the criminal administration as to make it a real safeguard of the public interests.

### The "Columbia's" Triumph.

In considering the splendid run of the new cruiser *Columbia* on her recent trial trip off the New England coast, it is difficult to restrain a spirit of tremendous exultation. In quality, at least, we have regained the supremacy of the seas. The man who supposes that we shall lose it knows nothing of the spirit of real Americanism,

and has not studied the industrial features of the present time.

Ten years ago it was practically impossible in this country to build a vessel that could go more than fifteen knots an hour. With rapid strides and with almost no errors, encouraged by a wise governmental policy, the United States is now ready to begin in earnest its contest for the commerce of the world. The cruiser *Columbia* was designed to catch such vessels as the *Paris* and *Majestic*. When she was planned the *Campania* and *Lucania* were unheard of. If the *Columbia* had shown that she was able to do merely the work she was intended to do there would have been sufficient cause for national self-gratulation. She surprised her designers, her contractors, and the people generally, by demonstrating at the outset a superiority to any ship yet constructed in speed and apparent staying powers. Her maximum speed of 25.31 knots an hour and her average speed of 22.81 knots an hour must be counted as one of the marvelous achievements of the age. It is a tremendous triumph for American brains and American aggressiveness.

Probably the most important feature of the test is the fact that it settles the success and desirability of triple-screw propulsion in large ships. It was noticed that there was less "slip" in this vessel than in the *New York*. The screws at the side of the ship threw the water into the blades of the screw at the stern faster than that screw could take care of it. In cutting its way through the mass of agitated water that was thrown against it the sternmost screw seemed to be boring through a solid rather than a liquid substance. The system of triple screws not only distributes the tremendous force of the engines better and thus lessens the danger of shaft-breaking, but it reduces to a minimum the danger of serious accident by reason of engine weakness. A vessel with three screws would be almost sure to limp into port, no matter what might happen in one or more of its engine-rooms. This is the first trial of this method of propelling steamships, and it has been so exhaustive and complete that the appearance of the system in the merchant marine is to be expected at once, adding thereby to the speed and safety of ocean travel. It may now be said with truth that the five-day Atlantic liner is actually in sight, and that the first one will be built in America. Indeed, it is violating no confidence when it is said that the Messrs. Cramp of Philadelphia, the foremost ship-builders in this country, and the contractors for the *Columbia*, are already studying the design and plans for such ships, and when they do appear they will come from that establishment.

The industrial conditions of the country all point to a rapid revival of ship construction. Directly after the war, and for nearly three decades, the construction of American railroads absorbed most of the available capital in this country, and much of that of foreign investors. There was not sufficient capital here for its enormous development. All this seems to be changed now. American capital is seeking investment, and American shipping on the lakes and seaboard has felt its impetus. It is undoubtedly true that American workmanship, other things being equal, is superior to that of other nations. American labor is the only serious element of cost which makes vessels built here more expensive than those built abroad. The test of the *Columbia* shows that the added cost is more than offset by the surpassing result. Already there are many millions of dollars' worth of merchant shipping contracted for in this country. When the news of the *Columbia's* performance gets abroad it is altogether probable that other nations will ask for estimates for building their merchant ships, and possibly war-vessels, here.

There is reason, therefore, to be exceeding proud of the *Columbia's* record. It means vastly more than that we have the fastest war-ship in the world. It not only means another permanent addition to the practical guarantee of an abiding peace among the nations of the world, but it is the entering wedge to the revival of a most important national industry, involving the permanent prestige and continued prosperity of the nation.

### Tariff Tinkering.

The Democratic party is pledged to pass a tariff for "revenue only." Holding protection to be unconstitutional, it has already set about the preparation of a substitute for the McKinley law. If it is honest, the party will pass this act by a party vote at the earliest opportunity. But it may be doubted if it will be able to command a solid vote in favor of any purely revenue measure. In the first place the people do not seem to be as eager for a change in our tariff policy as they appeared to be one year ago. The fact that Ohio, which then was carried by the Republicans by a majority of only one thousand, now re-elects Governor McKinley, the author of the odious protection law, by a plurality of eighty-one thousand, and that Iowa, Massachusetts, and other States, where the tariff issue was joined, also go overwhelmingly Republican, is conclusive on this point. Then, in the second place, even if there had been no demonstration of popular hostility to wholesale tariff tinkering, there are in the Democratic ranks not a few honest moderate protectionists, and these cannot be coerced by any amount of administration or caucus pressure to surrender their convictions and vote for such a



measure as Mr. Cleveland and his immediate advisers of the Wells and Sherman school desire to enact. Everything considered, the prospects of an absolute fulfillment of party pledges on this subject are exceedingly dark. But the free-trade specialists in and out of the House will no doubt persist in their assaults upon the existing law, without regard to the disturbance of the public confidence which their agitation may produce, and in utter contempt of the public will as asserted in the elections. As to the proposition to restore the odious income tax, it is hardly possible that it will ever receive popular sanction.

### English Comments on Silver.



THE London *Spectator*, in a well-considered article on the result of the silver controversy in this country, discusses the probable effect of the repeal of the Sherman act on silver, and comes to the obvious conclusion that it must now find its level like any other commodity. We quote:

"After the rush downwards which naturally follows the closing of a market, silver will be an article like another, subject to fluctuations, but with a normal level still perceptible, that level probably being half-a-crown an ounce, or just half the price on which everybody used to rely. That low price will hurt a great many people, and distracts a great many economists with visions of the world coming to an end; but they may find consolation in this fact. There was no help for it. If ever a great government made an honest attempt to keep up the price of a metal by legislation, it was the government of the United States. They bought up the whole supply of the Union. They taxed the people to make good all losses. They stowed away the silver they bought, so that it never was in the way of the silver producers. Yet the price of silver fell, and fell, and fell, till the effort to sustain it threatened to ruin the richest treasury in the world. If the United States government cannot 'sustain' silver, nobody can; and those who grieve over its fall are simply grieving over the operation of a law of nature as uselessly as if they grieved about losses caused by hail. We do not deny, we never have even questioned, that if the whole world chose to make the price of silver one-sixteenth of that of gold, the whole world could do it, just as it could establish a price for coal or corn by limiting production; but as the world will not do it, what is the use of logging that abstract truth into the discussion? Silver is now a commodity, and we must just make arrangements on the basis of that unpleasant but undeniable fact. Gradually this can be done; and though there will be great losses sustained by individuals, and even by nations which receive revenue in silver, still the world will no longer be harassed by uncertainties as to what payments in silver mean. The world is no poorer in any product because a mode of representing the value of products has ceased to act, and will soon adjust itself to the altered condition of affairs."

These conclusions will command the assent of all clear-sighted students of the situation. But in one respect the *Spectator* is in error, and that is in assuming, as it does later on in its article, that the result of the struggle over free coinage establishes Mr. Cleveland as supreme political master; that hereafter, in "the desire of the people for definite personal guidance," the head of the State "will be as efficient a factor in American politics as any continental monarch in those of his own country." This is a serious misapprehension of the facts in the case. Mr. Cleveland is in no sense the dominant personal force of our politics. He is merely one force, stronger than some others because of his position and the greater honesty of conviction and purpose which characterize him. The repeal of the silver act was his personal triumph in so far only as it showed him to be stronger than his own party. He is entitled to unqualified credit for the courage and uncompromising fidelity to principle which he displayed throughout the entire struggle. But that repeal would never have been accomplished had it depended upon himself and those members of his party whom he was able to influence. The free-coinage policy was reversed because the Republican party, obedient to the highest considerations of public duty, insisted, in the face of all propositions of compromise, upon unconditional repeal. As against that party Mr. Cleveland achieved no victory whatever; his triumph was over the party which elected him, and which proved faithless to the pledges it had made to the people. And that triumph, instead of making him the supreme factor in affairs, leaves him, in point of fact, without actual leadership over an influential portion of his own natural following, and powerless to enforce any policy which is either personal or political in motive and intent.

### An Influential Satirist.



BERNHARD GILLAM.

THE Buffalo *News*, in a recent article, remarks upon the fact that "Bernhard Gillam, of *Judge*, is one of the few living men whose cartoons have ever changed a vote in the United States Senate. It happened during the silver-repeal battle, and it earned the satirist a letter of distinguished consideration from one of the statesmen who were pictured."

It cannot be out of the way to say in this connection that the success and power of Mr. Gillam's cartoons lie largely in the fact that he is in no sense a violent partisan. Being a person without acute prejudices, fair-minded, and of keen perception in estimating the motives of men,

abhorring shams and cheats, and dominated withal by an honest purpose, his satire has a potency which it could not possibly possess if it were inspired by mere partisan feeling or personal malignity. Mr. Gillam does not spare Republicans, however much he may personally admire them, if, in his judgment, their official acts are prejudicial to sound policy and the public interests; and he probably numbers as many friends and admirers among prominent members of the Democratic party as are found in the Republican ranks. Employing his pencil and genius to correct public wrongs, and to educate the public mind along the lines of honest civic duty, such a man fills an office whose dignity and importance are not exceeded by that of any statesman in the land.

### Topics of the Week.

THE Republican majority in Philadelphia at the recent election was fifty-two thousand. Of this one-fourth was given by the five wards (there are thirty-seven in all) in which the mill-workers reside. Evidently the textile trade does not relish the Democratic threat to "reform" the tariff.

ONE of the prize-fighters employed by Lieutenant-Governor Sheehan to drive Republican voters from the polls in Buffalo has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for assault. In imposing sentence Judge King expressed his regret that he could not punish the chief conspirators, "even if he had to reach up to the Senate of the United States to reach them." Perhaps if the frauds in Troy and Lansingburg are looked into it will be possible to reach a Senator who is not altogether guiltless.

CIVILIZATION is gradually pushing its way into the heart of Africa. Recent intelligence is to the effect that the Arab slave-traders along the Congo are being exterminated by the European expeditions operating against them, and there is reason to believe that the Congo Free State will speedily be freed of the hostiles who have so persistently opposed the progress of all civilizing influences. The recent victories are the more important because they mark the collapse of a great conspiracy, of which documentary evidences were discovered upon Arab prisoners, to expel the Europeans from the whole Congo region. Among the prisoners captured in one of the battles was the chief who killed Emin Pasha in October of last year. The murderer was court-martialed and shot after being positively identified. So ends another chapter in the tragic story of African exploration and discovery.

THE pension policy of Secretary Hoke Smith is provoking a good deal of opposition among Democratic Congressmen, who find that it is operating greatly to the detriment of the party. Even Senator Voorhees, who has never been suspected of overmuch sympathy with the veterans, has announced his determination to antagonize this policy, and other influential Democrats in both houses are preparing to unite in the effort to secure a modification of the methods by which large numbers of pensioners have been, as is claimed, deprived of their rights. There is no doubt that frauds have been committed upon the Treasury in connection with this pension business, and it is desirable that these should be exposed and the offenders brought to justice; but the policy adopted by Secretary Smith, under which it is practically assumed that every pensioner is a scoundrel and entitled to no consideration until he proves himself to be honest, is incapable of justification, and the sooner it is abandoned the better it will be for all concerned.

WHATEVER may be the facts as to the Hawaiian business, it is certain that the President in dealing with it has not treated the public with the frankness and candor which was expected of him. There has been, on the contrary, a studied attempt to conceal the evidences upon which a new national policy was formulated, and such information as was given the public came in dribbles which in the nature of the case were altogether unsatisfactory. Even now we do not know all the facts. Congress was in session when the report of the Secretary of State was finally agreed upon, but it was not permitted to know anything of the proposed action of the government in the case. Then the official announcement of this action was held, for no apparent reason, until after election, and from first to last there has been an absence of straightforward directness which not only exposes Mr. Cleveland to deserved censure, but raises a doubt as to whether, after all, he is sure of his ground. The American people admire candor and plain dealing, and they are disappointed in seeing the President deliberately sacrifice the reputation he has made by the practice of these virtues.

A GRAVE responsibility will devolve upon the Republican majority in the New York Legislature just elected. There is a demand in some quarters for a radical partisan policy in dealing with all public questions. "We must give these Democrats," it is urged, "a dose of their own medicine." It will be a great mistake for any Republican

legislator-elect to approach the discharge of his duties in this spirit. It will be the duty of Republicans, indeed, to wipe out all unjust legislation; to repeal all laws designed to deprive the people of self-government and lodge control of public affairs in the hands of rings and bosses; to establish additional safeguards for the ballot, and erect, as far as may be, barriers against official jobbery of the kind which has become so common under Democratic rule. But it will be unsafe to go beyond this. The Legislature was elected to right existing wrongs, not to perpetrate fresh ones in the interest of party. Any attempt to enact purely partisan legislation, any use of the power intrusted to us for other than distinctly public purposes, and along the lines of needed and genuine reform, will be resented by the people of the State, and bring down certain and deserved disaster upon our pates.

THE recent election seems to have proved an effectual eye-opener to Governor Flower. Before it occurred he was absolutely unable to discover authority in law for the prevention of meditated crimes, and was inclined to treat with great contempt the popular demand for activity on his part in that direction. Now that the people have manifested their determination to compel the enforcement of law, he comes down from his lofty perch, and with great effusion acquiesces in their demand for the punishment of offenders, and especially those against the integrity of the ballot. Urged thereto by Mr. William J. Gaynor and other citizens of Brooklyn, he has directed the attorney-general of the State to proceed criminally against John Y. McKane and other offenders in the recent election troubles at Gravesend and elsewhere. He has at the same time designated two prominent lawyers of Brooklyn as assistant district attorneys, who are invested with all the power and authority necessary for the vigorous prosecution of the cases before the grand jury. Governor Flower, of course, is entitled to public approval in his new departure, but it somewhat diminishes our respect for the man when we reflect that it would not probably have been taken had the elections indicated less decisively the popular abhorrence of the domination of the criminal classes to which he seemed willing to be a party.

THE Republicans of Iowa, having carried the State Legislature on a distinct promise to dispose of the question of temperance along the lines of high license and local option, it is safe to assume that the days of general prohibition in that State are over. The existing prohibitory law has been in operation some nine years. At the time it was passed there was a pronounced public sentiment in its favor. In more recent years, however, its enforcement in the populous counties has been found to be practically impossible. As a result there has been a growing demand for the repeal of the law, and the adoption of some system under which each county would be able to decide the question of license for itself. It seems likely that the outcome will be the passage of such a law. Communities in which there is a pronounced opposition to the license system will thus be able to prohibit absolutely the sale of liquor, while on the other hand localities where an opposite sentiment prevails will be free to authorize the traffic on the basis of high license. This question of temperance has so long been a source of bitterness and confusion in the politics of Iowa that its elimination ought to afford satisfaction to all classes of people. It is to be presumed, however, that the prohibitionists will keep up their agitation for a State law, though in view of the failure of their principle under the most favorable conditions, it is hardly likely that they will accomplish any positive results in that direction.

WE have before referred to the result of the recent election in the city of Buffalo as one of the most remarkable of the many wonderful manifestations of the power of an awakened popular feeling. Nowhere in the State was the prospect of a popular victory at the outset of the struggle more discouraging. Sheehanism, with all it stands for, was securely entrenched in nearly every department of the public administration. It had control of the election machinery and the police; it had all the money it could use, and it had organized a force of repeaters capable of any villainy. Arrogant and unscrupulous, the partisan freebooters had no doubt whatever of their ability to hold their ground against all assaults. But they miscalculated the strength of the forces arrayed against them, and they were overwhelmed, utterly annihilated, by the wrath of the people. In the achievement of this grand result the press sustained a most important part. The Buffalo *Courier*, the influential Democratic organ of the city, repudiating the spurious Democracy of the Sheehan type, labored earnestly and effectively for its overthrow and the restoration of honest government. The vigorous and able *Daily News*, sturdily Republican, made a magnificent fight in the same direction, greatly increasing its popularity by its loyal devotion to the highest public interests. The fact that, as one puts it, "there is not enough of the Sheehan machine left to take to a junk-shop," is largely due to the course of the press in arousing public attention to existing evils and stimulating citizens of all classes to active efforts for their suppression. The same thing is true of Brooklyn, where the Democratic *Eagle* was foremost in fighting the ring.





At A  
Night  
Meeting

After the  
Meeting

"To Seek & to Save"



"To the Highest Seat"



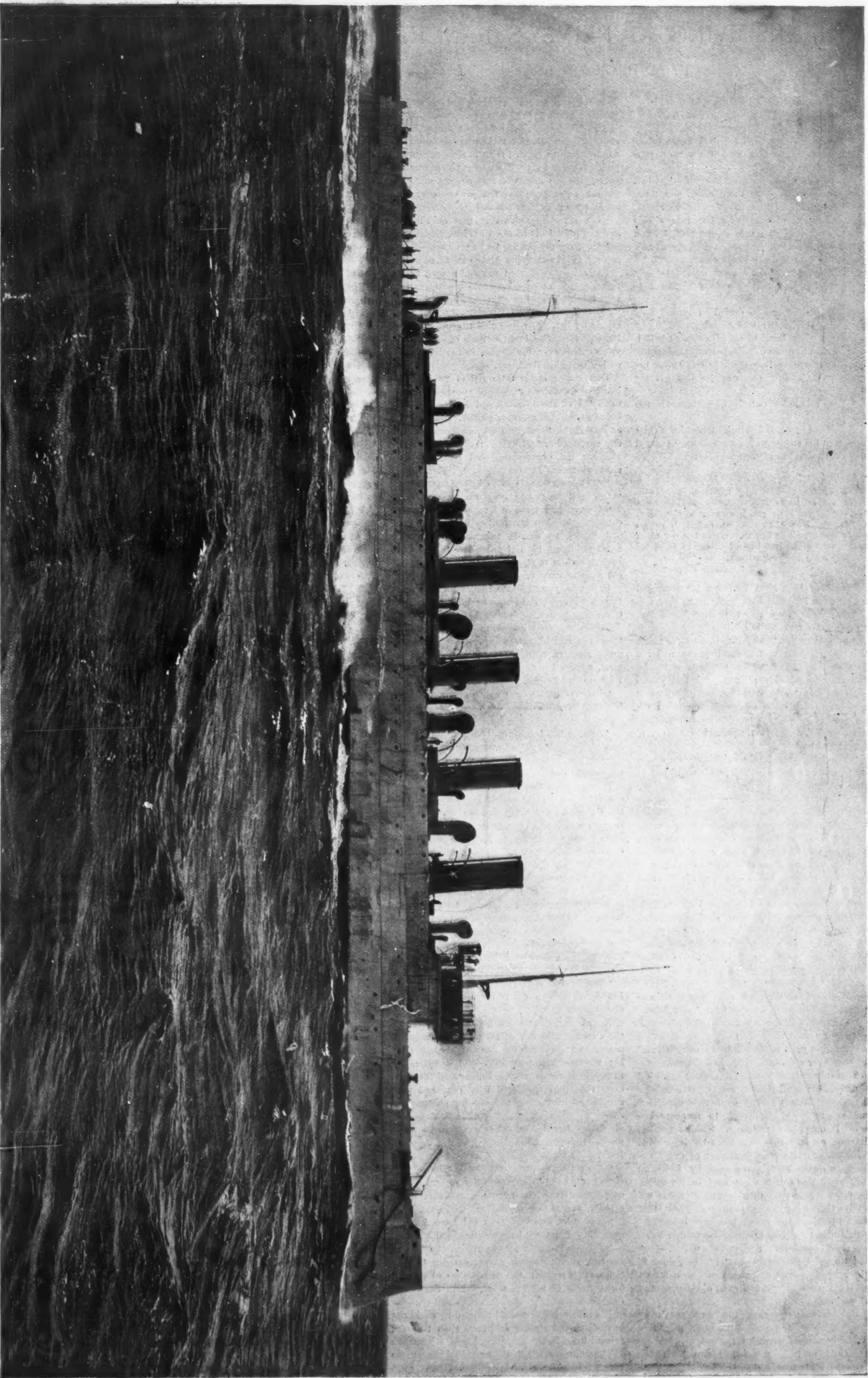
"Let us heartily rejoice in the strength of  
our Salvation"

UNDER THE BLOOD-RED BANNER.

CHARACTER-SKETCHES AT A MEETING OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 352.]

TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.—COPYRIGHTED.—[SEE ARTICLE ON EDITORIAL PAGE.]





"Naval officers who were on board the triple-screw unarmored cruiser *Columbia* on her official trip of eight hours' speeding say that she should be counted among the seven wonders of the world, for the reason that although she made an average of 22.81 knots for the entire distance of eighty-eight knots and over, she made a speed of 26.31 knots between two buoys, a distance of 7.14 knots."—*New York Sun*.

#### THE SWIFTEST WARSHIP AFOAT.

THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "COLUMBIA" MAKING HER EXTRAORDINARY RUN OF 26.31 KNOTS AN HOUR ON HER OFFICIAL TRIAL OFF CAPE ANN.—FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. RAY.  
TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.—[SEE ARTICLE ON EDITORIAL PAGE.]



# THANKSGIVING AT RAINEY'S RANCH.

By AD H. GIBSON.

"HELLO, ye yahoos in thar!" This was the salutation of Bob Turner as he reined in his mettlesome bronco before Rainey's ranch, out in one of the most picturesque valleys of Colorado.

There was a shuffling of heavy feet within, the greasy cards were flung aside, and three cowboys presented themselves at the door.

"I've got some orders fur ther gang o' this roost," said Bob, fumbling in his pocket for a letter which he had just received at the county post-office over in Deer Track cañon.

"Orders? Who dar's send orders ter any galoot o' this hyer ranch?" demanded Bill Barrett, long, lean, and hairy.

"Who do yer reckon dar's?" returned Bob, producing the letter in question.

"Frum ther boss hisself!" exclaimed Bill, catching a glimpse of the superscription on the large envelope, as Bob flourished it before his eyes. "Well, sing out wot he has got ter say."

"Yes, cackle 'er out, Bob," commanded the others.

So admonished, Bob straightened his fleshy person in his saddle, and, assuming an oratorical tone, read aloud to his companions:

"Mr. Robert Turner, R. Ranch, Colorado.

"DEAR BOB:—I will be home on the 14th. Meet me at the station. Come in the light wagon, for my little girl is coming to the ranch with me. Her aunt is dead, and I have no other home to take her to. Clean out my room and try to make it a little inviting to the poor child. Yours truly,

"ABNER RAINEY."

"So ther boss aims ter bring his leetle gal ter ther ranch?" said Sam.

"So it 'pears from that thar letter," said Bill, replacing his revolver in his belt.

"Pore leetle 'un!" said Bob in a tender voice, thinking regretfully of a small grave under a pine-tree, far away, where the only sister he had ever known lay at rest. "I feel plumb sorry fur her, ter be cast 'way out hyer in this lonesome gulch on a big cattle-ranch, with a hull passel o' yahoos as don't know nothin' 'bout nothin', nur how ter practice ther laws o' decent s'ciety."

"Yea. We're stavin' good s'ciety fur a nice leetle gal like the boss's is, ain't we?" put in Sam.

"I know we're poor shakes, fellers," remarked Bob, after a thoughtful silence. "But I'll tell yer wot we've jest naterally got ter organize ourselves inter a sort o' decent committee ter keep that leetle 'un frum gittin' lonesome out hyer. None of us ever done anything very good fur nobody, but I low we kin do that much for Rainey's leetle gal."

"That's wot we kin!" agreed Bill. "We'll jest naterally up an' dust an' civilize ourselves fur that pore leetle 'un. Throw up yer paws, fellers, an' swar ye'll civilize!" and he whipped out two revolvers, keeping his comrades well covered while each took an oath to "civilize."

"We must sort o' drap cuss words an' use dictionary, like as if we was folks," said Bob.

"Yes; an' han'le them thar ole kyards less," suggested Sam.

"An' quit drinkin' so all-fired much 'bitters' fur ther liver complaint," laughed Charlie.

Then they shook hands all around as a kind of ratification of their decision to "civilize" for the sake of Rainey's little motherless daughter, and set to work forthwith to renovate the house in honor of her coming. Saddles, bridles, tin cans, cards, and sundry large bottles labeled "Tonic" or "Bitters," and litter of every description, were hastily removed by Bob and Bill, while the others went back to the cattle. Floors were swept, then carefully scrubbed, while the windows experienced their first cleansing since the ranch had been built.

"A dirty roost like this would give ther leetle 'un ther blues—ther reg'lar indigo sort—ther fust thing," Bob had said. "It's ther duty o' this hyer committee on 'rangements ter naterally put that possibility as fur out o' the question as we kin."

Bob himself supervised the "arrangements" which were made for the little girl's reception. "Ther boss said ter make it sort o' invitin'," he remarked to Bill. "Wa-al, I swan! Thar's nothin' ter invite a leetle gal's admiration hyer, that's sure."

It would have been an amusing sight to an observer—those two big, rough cowboys

flourishing about the ranch, intent on making things conform to their idea of neatness. While Hairy Bill placed a pair of bright Navajo blankets on the cot-bed, Bob tacked on the bare walls sundry pictures clipped from illustrated newspapers and magazines. Then he gathered from the valley a large bouquet of wild flowers, which he put into an empty glass fruit-jar and set it on a small, rude table near the bed.

"Let any chap snicker at that an' I'll—!" and Bill placed his hand on his hip.

"He naterally dasn't, that's all," agreed Bob as they stood surveying their completed duties.

Daisy Rainey, at that moment seated by her father's side on a westward-bound express, little dreamed of the pains which two of the "ranch hands," rough but warm-hearted, were taking for her. She was glad to accompany her father, whom she had not seen before for five years. However, the change in her life rendered her thoughtfully silent.

Daisy was a lovely little girl of twelve, with hair like the golden ripples of sunshine striking the cliffs of the Rockies, and eyes as sweetly blue as wild blue morning-glories. Her face was an intelligent, thoughtful one, and many travelers gazed admiringly after the young traveler and her tall, broad-shouldered father as they changed cars at Denver.

Her mother had died when she was very young, and Daisy had gone to her aunt, while Mr. Rainey had gone West and established a cattle-ranch. But Mr. Rainey's sister had died, and having no female relatives to whom he cared to intrust his Daisy, he was bringing her back with him to stay at the ranch until different arrangements could be made.

Bob was punctual, and met them at the station with the light wagon, drawn by a span of dashing ponies.

The sparsely-settled plains, stretching away from the foot-hills to the eastward, and the great Rockies, rising purple and vague in the west, were all inexpressibly wonderful to the Eastern-bred child.

"How pretty!" she would exclaim, feasting her eyes on the landscape views as they rode along.

"And do you think you'll be happy away out here, Daisy?" her father asked, anxiously.

"Oh, yes, I think I will, papa," she answered, cheerfully.

It was with intense satisfaction that Bob observed the delight which Daisy expressed in the Navajo blankets, the flowers, and the illustrations which had been arranged for her.

"I thank you so much, Bob," she said to the cowboy, "for making my room so nice."

"That's all right, leetle 'un. Jest so's yer don't git lonesome," he returned.

"Oh, I won't," and her innocent laughter rang cheerily through the old ranch. "I'm going to be busy. That's the way to keep from getting lonesome. You're the cook of the outfit, aren't you, Bob?" she asked.

"Yes, I ingineer ther hash department," he replied.

"Well, I'll help you cook for the men. Then I'm going to sew for you and papa," she declared.

And, true to her word, Daisy did help with the cooking, and it was remarkable how much neater and cleaner "the hands" became after her advent. She was so useful in attending to the little needs of Mr. Rainey and the cowboys that they wondered how they had ever managed to get along without her sunny presence.

"Bless her heart! She's a plumb little mother ter every blasted galoot of us," declared Hairy Bill.

"Ain't we a civiliz'in, too?" said Sam.

"That's wot!" returned Charlie. "I hain't seed them thar ole kyards sence ther leetle angel's been at ther ranch."

"Nur nary smell o' 'bitters' have I had," said Bill. "Say we kain't civilize, will yer!"

Bob gave Daisy lessons in riding, and it was not long before she was expert enough to take frequent rides down the wide valley to see the great herds of cattle, where Bill, Sam, and Charlie watched.

If a princess had visited them they could not have displayed greater deference than they did toward little Daisy Rainey.

The influence which she exercised over those rough fellows in restraining them from indulgences in their old reckless habits was as strange as it seemed powerful. Perhaps it was her motherless condition, together with her

isolation from all female society, that appealed so strongly to their hearts, rough but true, and made them so considerate and often almost tender in their attentions to her.

Cards and "bitters," however, were finally resumed out on the ranges, but always "on the sly." But as Hairy Bill said, "Nary galoot of us has got on a reg'lar downright ole tear fur two months. We're civiliz'in—a leetle slow, but sure!"

But Hairy Bill's declaration seemed a little premature. He did not realize what stubborn things old habits are, nor how weak is human will to resist temptation when once we begin giving way to little things.

One autumn day the restraint which Daisy's influence had held over her father's cowboys was rudely broken.

Pay-day came, and the cowboys yielded to the pressure of old habit, rode over to old Purdey's saloon in Deer Track cañon, and had a day of it.

They then rode back past the ranch, swearing, shooting, and behaving as wildly as a party of Apaches.

The wild ride soon terminated. Bob's pony was fiery, and the bacchanalian shouts maddened him. As his rider was discharging his revolver into the air he tore away and leaped madly over a rough bluff, leaving Bob badly bruised on the jagged rocks below.

They were sober enough when they picked the poor fellow up and carried him to the ranch.

"We're plumb unfitten ter be in ther house whar that inercert leetle gal is," said Hairy Bill, as the cowboys lingered at the door while Mr. Rainey and Daisy hung over the wounded man. "We've jest naterally uncivilized our fool selves, that's wot!"

When Bob learned that it would be long weeks, perhaps, before he could even hobble about the house, he groaned:

"It's er punishment, boys, fur goin' back on our oath. We've went clack back on that thar covenant ter civilize. Fur that leetle 'un's sake, I'd like ter hate my fool self ter death. I've plumb throwed away all her sweet faith."

"Don't say that, Bob," cried Daisy, tears in her eyes. "I'm so sorry for you. You must lie quiet, and I'll help papa take care of you."

And she did help. Just how much, she never knew, but poor, repentant Bob did, and the others realized it fully, too.

It was always Daisy's cheerfulness which re-enforced the sufferer's waning patience. "She be a plumb angel," he would declare to the cowboys as they stood over him.

"Bob," said Daisy one day, as she stood by his bedside alone, "what troubles you? I know you are thinking of something that makes you restless. Please let me help you."

"God bless yer, leetle 'un!" he cried, using the old name he had given her. "In less than two weeks it's goin' ter be Thanksgiving, an' I aimed all 'long ter go home ter mother. My mother's a good, ole-fashioned soul, leetle 'un, she is, an' she b'lieves in ther Bible an' in keepin' Thanksgiving. I ain't seen her fur two years now, an' I'd saved up enough ter go home on, an' give her a nice present."

"Where does she live, Bob?"

"At Coldwater, Kansas," he answered. "But it's no use ter think o' mother an' Thanksgiving now. I won't be able ter travel fur three or four weeks, an' maybe not then; besides, my money will all be used up by then. Mother's old and lives erlone, an' it 'd been plumb fine ter a-slipped in on her on Thanksgiving, an' help her eat pumpkin-pie. She sets a heap on her boy, ef he ain't very good. But sence you come hyer, leetle 'un, with yer purty, kind ways, I've tried hard ter civilize an' sorter simmer down; an' I did hope ter go back ter mother a reformed critter. But now I've slipped, an' I kain't," he said, dolefully.

"But, Bob, when people slip they needn't go on slipping," said Daisy. "You just try again. And I'll tell you what. We'll have a Thanksgiving right here at the ranch. You'll trust me to manage it, won't you, Bob?"

"God love yer, yes, leetle 'un," cried Bob. "I'd trust yer ter manage heaven itself."

"It won't be like Thanksgiving at home would be to you, Bob," she went on, "but we'll try to have a thankful time, and think all's for the best," and she left him to impart her ideas to her father, and seek his co-operation in a plan that lay very near her warm heart.

There was a certain letter over which Daisy spent a great deal of pains, and which was intrusted to Hairy Bill to mail for her.

She watched anxiously for a reply, but the days went by, bringing none to the little rural post-office.

"Never mind, dear," cheered her father, noticing her look of keen disappointment. "The provisions I ordered from Denver are here. We'll have a fine Thanksgiving dinner, and poor

Bob is going to be able to get out to the table. That ought to make us all thankful."

"Yes, I know it, papa. But I had so set my heart on surprising Bob," she said, trying to look happy, but not succeeding very well.

However, on the day before Thanksgiving the longed-for letter came. Its contents were evidently of a very pleasing nature, for Daisy went about the ranch singing glad little songs, perfecting her arrangements for Thanksgiving.

And Bob, watching her, exclaimed to himself: "God bless her! It's a plumb Thanksgivin' ter me ter jest see her sunny face."

At Daisy's request he allowed Charlie to trim his hair and shave his face, though he declared, "She's bound ter make a reg'lar dude of me."

Thanksgiving Day dawned bright in the valley, and Rainey's ranch was early astir. The cowboys were as eager as school-boys to help Daisy make it a joyous occasion.

It was almost dinner-time when Hairy Bill came driving up to the ranch in the light wagon. There was a motherly-faced woman by his side, and Daisy ran out to welcome her.

The old lady kissed the child with happy tears in her eyes, then she was led into Bob's room.

"Mother!" was the one joyful word he was able to utter, as he clasped her in his arms.

"How did you happen to come to see me, mother?"

"It's all that blessed child's doings, Robert," she answered. "She wrote me such a dear letter, telling me of your accident and inviting me to come to see you and take Thanksgiving at the ranch."

"This is the happiest Thanksgiving o' my life!" cried Bob, as, half an hour later, they were all seated around the long ranch-table eating of the good things provided for the occasion. "That blessed leetle 'un has done me more good than er hull car-load o' preachers could a-done. When I slipped, she didn't pass by on t'other side, but staid right by me an' cheered me right along. Boys, she's taught me that it's ther best fur a feller ter pick hisself up every time he falls, and not stay down."

"Wa-al, fellers, we won't give up ther civiliz'in," said Hairy Bill, after they had retired to mount their broncos.

"I'm thankful we kin try agin, if we did slip," said Sam.

"Yes; an' ain't I happy ter see how thankful that leetle 'un air? She's plumb joyous," said Charlie.

"Yes; an' every galoot of us orter be thankful ter her very liver that we're alive yit ter try agin," said Hairy Bill. "Bob's mother is goin' ter stay as housekeeper, Bob's comin' out ter ther range, an' things air got ter be decent hyer-after at Rainey's ranch. Let ther civiliz'in' proceed. Yer hyer me, galoots?"

## Tramps in Germany.

ABOUT forty thousand tramps, it is estimated, are traveling over the fatherland all the year round. This army consists mostly of mechanics, temporarily unemployed, who are looking for work. Of late, however, clerks and some individuals of higher education, besides some females, have swelled the ranks.

A tramp in Germany does not enjoy life as much as does his American brother, though in some respects he must be considered to be better off. While walking the "chaussée" he is at every minute liable to meet with or to be overtaken by a mounted policeman, who may ask for legitimization papers or a certificate from the last employer;—for the law does not allow a tramp, or *Handwerksbursche*, to be out of work for a longer term than six weeks. If his papers prove to the contrary he will be arrested and sent to the workhouse for a term of from two weeks to six months, as the case may be.

The law forbids all begging; nevertheless the tramp is not left to starve. Years ago the society against begging (*Verein gegen Bettel*) was founded, and is now branched out all over the empire. This society is made up of members who subscribe a certain sum a year, and in return are pledged never to give any alms in any shape whatever. A small iron sign at the door bearing the inscription, "*Mitglied des Vereins gegen Bettel*," tells the tramp better than words could do that it is needless for him to apply. In every city, large or small, such a society is now in existence.

On entering a town the tramp applies to the secretary of the *Verein gegen Bettel*, and after his papers have been examined and found to be correct he is provided with a ticket entitling him to a night's lodging, a supper, and a breakfast at the *Herberge zur Heimath* (lodging-house at home). The ticket amounts to forty-five pfennige (about ten cents). At the *Herberge zur Heimath* he is charged twenty-five pfennige for a bed, ten pfennige for a plate of fried potatoes



for supper, which leaves him ten pfennige to indulge in a cup of coffee and a big roll (*Rundstuck*) for breakfast in the morning.

These *Herbergen zur Heimath*, now to be found in every town, are conducted on Christian principles; beer is sold, however, but no whisky. Before going to bed the landlord, or *Hauswirth*, reads a chapter of the Bible, and after the Lord's Prayer is said everybody has to retire for the night. Each room contains about ten beds. To keep these clean, the men, while undressing, are searched for vermin, and if such are found the money is returned to the unfortunate and he himself turned out of the house. This, however, happens very seldom. The tramps, knowing what awaits them, do their very best to keep clean. In the morning a chapter of the Bible is read again. The housekeepers of these institutions are recruited from the *Rauhe Haus bei Horn*, a private reformatory for young vagabonds, founded by a philanthropist.

In the country, supporting stations (*Verpflegungsstationen*) have been established in villages, so as to accommodate the tramp at a distance of from six to eight miles, in a similar way as in the cities. The inhabitants, to be relieved of being besieged by beggars all the year round, contribute to the support of these institutions.

Though the law relative to vagrancy is rigorously enforced, a good many tramps, nevertheless, manage to travel all the year round without doing a stroke of work. They secure fraudulent certificates showing that they have been working. A favorite way with them is to apply for work to a person that is not in need of any help, inducing the same to certify that application for work has been made. Such a certificate (*Bemühungsschein*) will save a tramp for a while from being arrested and sent to the workhouse.

That begging is carried on in spite of law and vigilance, it is unnecessary to say; it must be admitted, however, that a deal of good is accomplished by the *Verein gegen Bettelei*.

The *Herbergen zur Heimath* have been established by contributions of philanthropists in the respective cities. A good many of them are self-supporting. They are vastly patronized by all kinds of mechanics who travel at their own expenses to improve their trade. Connected with them is a library and an employment office.

CARL RENARD.

## Grand Opera at the Metropolitan.

WHEN the Metropolitan Opera House was burned, a year and a half ago, New York's lovers of music were thrown into mourning. By some business carelessness the old opera-house company had no insurance upon their property, so that everything which went up in smoke was a total loss. This left the company in a bankrupt condition, and it was only by a series of long-drawn-out negotiations that a new organization was finally arranged and the promise given that a new and better house would be made out of the ruins of the old one. But grand opera lapsed for an entire season. Perhaps it is not generally known that the architect of the old house had never in all his life been in a theatre; as a result of this unique experience, the gentleman built one of the worst theatre buildings ever erected in this or any other country. After the fire, and when the new lease was effected with Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, these gentlemen, who are practiced in all the details of theatre management, stipulated that there should be no more experiments with architects who do not go to theatres. This wise provision has led to a completely remodeled interior—so far as stage and auditorium are concerned—and now the new Metropolitan Opera House is entirely worthy of its name. Not only has the decorative scheme been changed—made, of course, necessary by the fire—but the shape of the house has been altered; the boxes now have bowed fronts, the stage and parterre floor have been lowered, all the baignoir boxes have been taken out, and the standing-room space, always a source of discomfort in the old house, has been more than doubled in the new one. Then the severely straight lines of the upper galleries have been relieved, and these parts of the house made available. It was only upon extraordinary occasions that any one could be induced to buy a seat on the extreme wings of these upper tiers, for all enjoyment was lost in trying to see the stage. Three large elevators on each side will materially reduce the expenditure of lung power in reaching the "gods." In all there are thirty-five boxes in the grand tier. In several instances the boxes are held in partnership by two gentlemen.

The opening night of this season is set for November 27th, and the opera, "*Faust*." A glance at the company for the coming season shows that Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau have

gotten together the very strongest opera company we have ever had in this country.

### SOPRANI.

Mme. Emma Eames, Mme. Lillian Nordica,  
Mlle. Angiolini, Mlle. Mathilde Bauermeister,  
Mme. Anita Ibles, Mlle. Virginia Columbati,  
Mme. Sigrid Arnoldson, Mme. Emma Calvé,  
Mme. Melba.

Of these ladies Mesdames Eames and Nordica are our countrywomen, and Mme. Melba is from far-off Australia. Mesdames Eames and Nordica are, of course, well known to our audiences, and although Mme. Eames has sung but one season in her own country, her artistic as well as her personal success assures her a more than enthusiastic welcome from those who remember with delight her performances of *Juliet*, *Margherita*, and *Elsa*. Mme. Eames's social triumph was no less than her public one—in fact, her *début* was a genuine personal triumph for our beautiful and gifted countrywoman. Mme. Nordica has not been heard here in opera for several seasons, but her voice and admirable presence are remembered with pleasure. Of Mesdames Calvé, Arnoldson, and Melba we only have the European press to judge by, so in deference to their verdict these three artistes must be accepted at the value put upon them abroad. Mlle. Columbati is a very young singer, said to possess a voice of rare quality and cultivation. She also, as well as Mlle. Angiolini and Mme. Ibles, make their first appearance in this country during the coming season. Mme. Melba has perhaps created a greater furor abroad than any artiste who has appeared in late years. She has a light but exquisitely-trained voice, and in all *roles* where florid vocalization is necessary Mme. Melba should achieve a great success.

The list of mezzo sopranos and contraltos is of course not nearly so numerous, containing only three names, Miles, Olympia Guercia, Consuelo Domenech, and Mme. Sofia Scalchi. Probably no artiste on the list enjoys the universal popularity of Mme. Scalchi. There is something so rich and warm in her voice, such breadth in her art, that she retains all of her hold upon her audiences in spite of the fact that Dame Nature, with the hand of Time, has made some inroads upon her voice. But her technique is so perfect that even these are hidden from all save the most learned of cognoscenti.

The list of tenors contains several names known the world over as the leaders of lyric art.

### TENORI.

Signor Francesco Vignas, M. Sebastian Montariol,  
Signor N. Mastrobucco, Signor Rinaldini,  
M. Jean de Reszke, Signor Fernando de Lucia.

Of these M. de Reszke is the best known to us, although Signor de Lucia has made for himself in Europe a reputation hardly less distinguished than the great Polish tenor. But artists like M. de Reszke are very few in numbers in a generation. Added to a beautiful and splendidly cultivated voice, M. de Reszke possesses one of those superb personalities so rarely met with. He is such a great artist in everything he does that were he to lose his voice tomorrow he could go upon the stage and achieve equally as great a success as an actor as he now achieves as a lyric singer. When M. de Reszke first began to sing he did so as a baritone, but later, as his voice developed, sang such tenor parts as *Lohengrin*, *Faust*, and *Raoul*. He has almost unanimously been pronounced the best stage tenor since Mario. In addition to all this artistic quality M. de Reszke is a gentleman of birth and position. He has quite a predilection for the turf, and maintains a splendid stock farm in Poland, where he spends nearly all of his vacations. M. de Reszke is as great a favorite abroad as here, but he says that in Europe they do not hand tenors golden wreaths and others of greens across the foot-lights; nor do they stand in waiting at the stage-door—all women, mind you—to watch his tenorship enter his carriage, and so catch a glimpse of the great tenor in *propria persona*.

In the order of their importance on the opera list next come the *baritoni*, Signor Mario Aucon, M. Jean Marjapour, M. Edmond Gromschevsky, and M. Jean Lassalle. The latter is not only the star of this list, but the star baritone of the operatic world. M. Lassalle, like most French singers, is a polished actor, but he has the additional advantage of possessing a wonderful voice; and when you meet with a pure, well-trained baritone voice, what in vocal music is more satisfying? M. Lassalle is remembered here by his splendid performance of "*Hamlet*." He was the *Valentino* in those never-to-be-forgotten performances of "*Faust*," with Mme. Eames as *Margherita*, M. Jean de Reszke as *Faust*, and Mme. Scalchi as *Sizel*.

The list of *bassi* includes M. Edmond de Reszke, Sig. Ettore Borucchia, Sig. Lodovico

Viviani, Sig. Agostino Carbone, Sig. Cernusco and M. Pol Piancon. The latter is the most important of the new-comers, and great things are promised us for this artist's *début* here.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

## Indian Summer.

FAR off the mountain outlines, soft and dim  
Melt in the tender opal-tinted skies,  
Which, like the jasper walls of Paradise,  
Seem watched by dreamy, cloud-wrapped cherubim.

Stilly the sunshine, like a pale, gold sea,  
Shimmers within the horizon's sapphire ring,  
Spun with fine threads of gossamer that swing  
Like signal lines between my love and me.

And like a spirit on the yellow waves,  
The thistle-down floats airily from sight,  
While pallid butterflies in circling flight  
Woo, wed, and vanish into unknown graves.

Leaning upon a gray and moss-grown wall,  
Bordered with fringe of frosted golden-rod,  
I wonder if across the hills of God  
You look to-day and listen for my call.

For though upon the lightest air that blows  
I may not breathe your name to mortal ear,  
Hath not the soul a cry that love must hear,  
And answer by the tokens that love knows?

What matter if I stand here in the clay  
From which you are absolved by nature's law—  
Shall not the immortal bond between us draw  
Our souls together on this rare, calm day?

In the still glory of the low, soft sun,  
The viewless walls of heaven grow so thin  
That unseen seraphs, gliding out and in,  
Blend mortal and immortal life in one. A. L. M.

## Vignettes of the Day.

LESS is known about Cornelius Vanderbilt than any other of New York's great men. He is modest to the point of bashfulness. He never sees reporters. He never attends public dinners or other functions. He seldom goes to his clubs. In a word, he avoids publicity and keeps himself entirely in the background. He is a very busy man, and devotes his time to his great railroad interests, his home, and his religion. Years ago he used to teach a Sunday-school class. Even now he sometimes goes to the Young Men's Christian Association and talks to the boys there. But he is as nervous as a witch all the time, and breathes more freely when his task is over. He may be seen almost any afternoon these bright autumn days, walking briskly along Fifth Avenue with his wife or one of his children by his side. Although he gives away in charity each year one hundred thousand dollars or more, he is very exacting in all money matters. It is believed that he has added ten million dollars or more to the large fortune left him by his father. But, even with this he is not the richest man in America. There are half a dozen others whose fortunes are much larger.

It may interest those young and old men who believe that Ward McAllister is still the great high priest of New York society to describe him as I saw him pass the *Judge* building the other morning. He was not arrayed in purple or fine linen. Indeed, his clothing was far from new and not at all in fashion. He wore a frock coat that had seen better days, dark-brown trousers heavily striped with black, a silk hat of last year's vintage, patent-leather shoes, and cream-colored over-gaiters, all in wretchedly bad taste. Just behind him, and in striking contrast, came the best-dressed man in New York, the keeper of a gambling-house, and who is on intimate terms with the authorities of police headquarters. This man wore a full suit of dark gray material, a frock coat buttoned tightly at the waist with the skirt falling below the knee, a silk hat so shiny that if a fly had lighted on it, it would have slipped and gone to everlasting smotherings, a very high collar with an enormous white satin puffed tie, patent-leather shoes, very dark gray gloves, and a boutonniere of white carnations as large as an old-fashioned head of lettuce. Whether this man's apparel was in any better taste or not, it had the sanction of society. All the swells of New York will be dressed the same way next month.

I have often wondered how a judge feels when he sentences a human being to death. No man in our courts is better able to answer such a question than Recorder Frederick Smyth, for he is an upright and fearless, but humane judge.

"The first time I sentenced a man to death," said the recorder to me, "was many years ago. The fellow was undoubtedly guilty. His crime was particularly brutal. He had killed his wife, and there were no extenuating circumstances. The time came when I was to pronounce sentence. I could not get the dreadful thought that I would have to name a day for

his execution out of my head. I thought of nothing else. I could not eat nor sleep, and when I went on the Bench on the fateful day,



RECORDER SMYTH.

and the culprit was arraigned before me, my throat was dry and my tongue was parched. My limbs trembled. Cold sweat came from every pore of my body. I was dumb with fear and the knowledge of my awful responsibility. My experience was worse than death. I suffered more than the guilty murderer before me, and the memory of that terrible day haunts me always."

No matter how many new hymns Sankey, the sweet singer, may write, the one that is still sung with the greatest heartiness is "Hold the Fort." I heard Sankey sing this one day last summer at a camp-meeting, and was surprised not only at the richness of his voice but the enthusiasm the song evoked. Now and then there comes to New York for a brief visit an old war veteran who, in answer to Sherman's signal, "Hold the fort, I am coming," replied, "Have lost a cheek-bone and an ear, but can lick all h—ll yet." It was upon this incident that the hymn was based. The old general who thus replied to Sherman is J. M. Corse. He has seen most of his comrades carried to their graves. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock, all are gone, and most of the men who followed them; and General Corse, who never knew when he was whipped, walks the streets now in company with a host of memories of men who were and are lost for a while. General Corse is not wealthy, but he makes no complaint. He knew "Uncle Billy" Sherman as few men did, and gallant McPherson, who was killed between Atlanta and the sea, and "Black Jack" Logan, and gallant Phil Kearny, and Fighting Phil Sheridan, and Golden-haired Custer, the beau Sabreur of the North, and the others. He has faced that powerful man of the war, Stonewall Jackson, and that splendid soldier, Robert E. Lee; and has been in battle day after day with the fabled of the Confederate armies, General Joe Johnston, whose long duel with Sherman is a glorious part of the history of scientific warfare. If General Corse is in a talkative mood he will explain to you that he did not lose either a cheek-bone or an ear when he sent that signal message back to Sherman. A bit of a flying shell did brush dangerously near him and kill one of his staff-officers. He was very angry at this, and wanted to get General Sherman worked up to the point of enthusiasm as well. General Corse is still a Bostonian, and in his way one of the most picturesque memories of the Civil War.

Rattling along Broadway the other day, in a hansom cab, was "young Mrs. Blaine," as she was once called, but now the wife of William T. Bull, the eminent surgeon. Mrs. Blaine has grown stout and handsomer since her divorce from James G. Blaine, Jr., and her marriage to Dr. Bull. She has been abroad, and returned to us with many bewildering triumphs of the great Worth. She has taken her proper place in New York society. She is mistress of a beautiful home, and has servants, horses and carriages at her command. Her husband stands near the head of his profession, with an income of \$50,000 a year. Surely she should be a happy woman, for her first marital experience was bitterness itself. Not a tithe of her sufferings were ever known, even to her friends. From debts, litigations, humiliations, and despair to a pathway of sunshine and roses is something of a victory, and no one will begrudge this little woman her happiness and her good fortune.

FOSTER COATES.

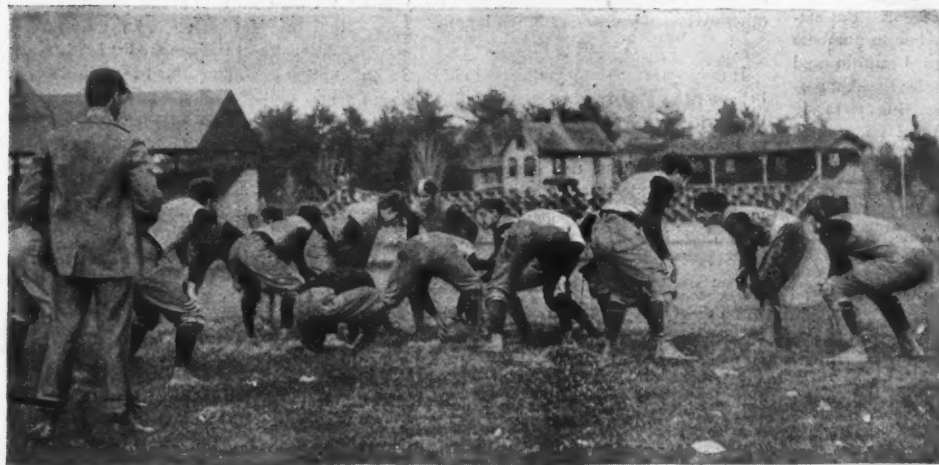




THE FAMOUS YALE "V."



YALE ELEVEN LINED UP.



ALL ON TIP-TOE FOR THE SNAP BACK.



KING CATCHES THE SNAP BACK.

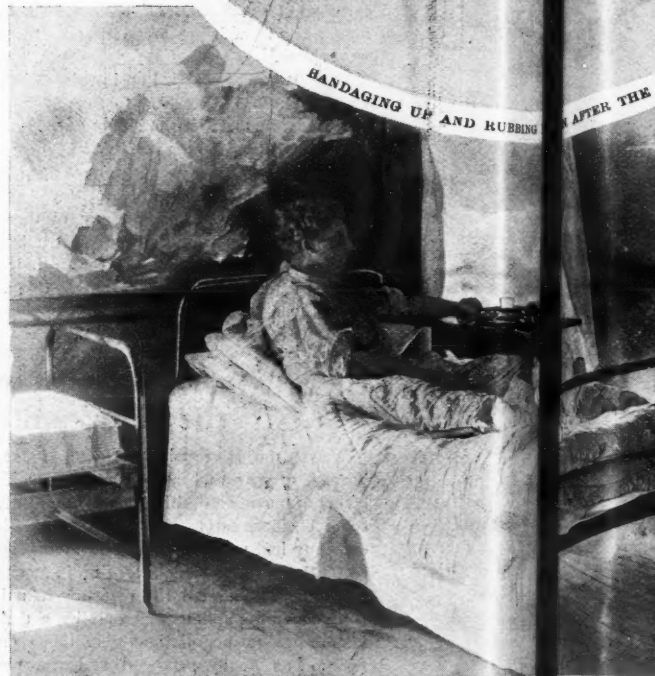


BLOCKING OFF AND INTERFERENCE AFTER SNAP BACK.



BANDAGING UP AND RUBBING

AFTER THE



IN THE ROOM



THE YALE GROUP—PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK LESLIE

SHATTAN

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOT-BALL CHAMPIONSHIP—THE PLAYERS IN THE GREAT GAME WHICH IS TO TAKE PLACE ON MANHATTAN

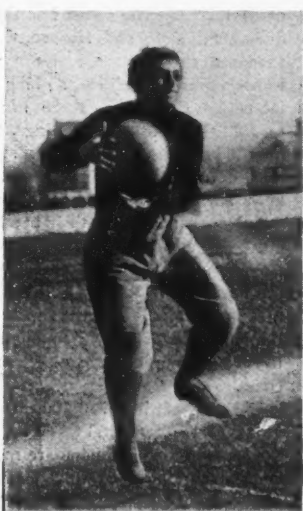




THE LAST MEAL BEFORE THE GAME.



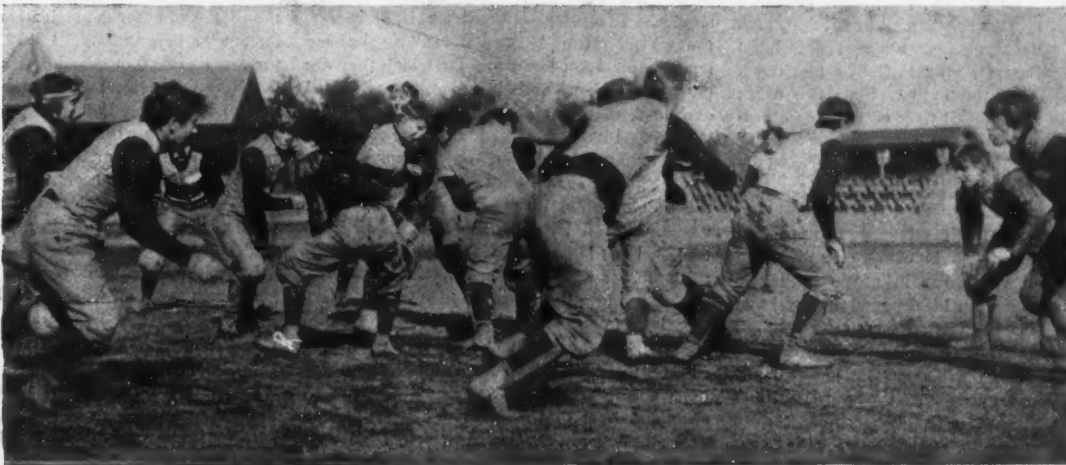
FORMATION OF PRINCETON'S FLYING "V."



CAPTAIN TRENCHARD CATCHES A PUNT.



THE "V" ON THE MOVE.



JUST AFTER BALL IS PUT IN PLAY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS.



## UNDER THE BLOOD-RED BANNER.—III.

A SALVATION ARMY meeting appears, to the chance observer, a very haphazard affair, without pre-arrangement or orderly sequence. The leader—often a young girl officer—speaks a few words, prays, gives out a hymn, verse by verse if it be an unfamiliar one, or reads a chapter from the Bible; the soldiers and officers talk and pray, starting up from all parts of the hall to tell their stories of spiritual experience, and the whole service apparently is conducted by no other law than the inspiration of the moment. But the leading officer has studied in his "F. O. Book" the regulations for every detail, and found therein a suggestion or a rule to guide him under almost every condition of the congregation or the occasion. "The purpose of the 'F. O.,' says the manual, "with respect to the meeting, should be to secure, so far as is possible, the immediate submission and conversion of every unsaved person present. . . . The 'F. O.' is responsible for seeing that everything said or done, from the opening of the door to the close of the meeting, shall be adapted to that end."

Therefore, from the seating of the audience and the management of ventilation and lights so as to secure their comfort and convenience, up to the culminating point that brings them to the penitent-form, every detail is intelligently guided. The finger of the "F. O." is on the pulse of the meeting, and his eye is watching every face, and with that sense of overwhelming responsibility for the souls before him in that hour, he is praying for the right word to say and the right time to speak it. No one must be allowed to grow bored or weary, and to that end there must be variety. "Neither sinners nor the devil should know what is going to be done next." There must be vitality and energy, but "while determined to have a warm, free, living meeting, the 'F. O.' must beware of rushing to the other extreme. . . . It is the life that comes from God, and childlike simplicity, that is counted, and not tomfoolery." To this end the music is most carefully studied. The words sung must be plain and simple, and the tunes popular, with sweet, catching choruses in which all may easily join, and the effect is helped by the ringing accompaniment of the tambourines, and the accentuating pulsations of the drum. Sometimes the hymn is sung kneeling, and the chorus repeated over and over till the prayer that it utters has found its way into the memory and the heart. Long after one has left the meeting such fragments sing on and re-echo:

"By Thy wonderful power and Thy grace every hour,  
Give me a heart like Thine."

Or,

"I do believe, I now believe,  
That Jesus died for me."

The songs are guided by the "F. O.'s" judgment, and the soldiers and officers have been instructed by him according to the "Regulations," how to speak and pray most clearly and effectively, how to use their voices so that every one can hear them, and how to clothe their thoughts in such brief, direct, and simple language that the most careless hearer shall listen to the end. For this is half the battle—to keep the thoughts of the people from wandering—first to attract, then to hold and to awaken. For every variety of hearer, for every class of sinner, the "F. O." has his special weapon, and his warfare is marked out, from the first step of gaining their attention, up to the last point of surrender at the penitent-form, when he must, by his words and prayers, find out the very root of the sin and the heart of the sinner.

It follows necessarily that this officer, whether man or woman, must be a person of exceptional intelligence as well as holiness. No one without tact and mental power could fulfill all the requisites for an "F. O." as laid down by the general of the army. Sixty-two pages of the book in my hand treat of these qualifications—of his holiness, his "deliverance from" evil temper, pride, boasting, selfishness, idleness, "foolish talking, jesting, flirting, and buffoonery"—of his honesty, his "wise government of the body," his love and compassion for the perishing, his knowledge of men and their needs, his humility in prosperity, perseverance in adversity, loyalty, and cheerful and willing obedience. His manners must conform to a certain standard of simplicity, earnestness and cheerfulness; his love of God and of souls must be always apparent as an emanation from himself, neither obtruded nor disguised. He must be strong enough in spirit and faith to endure all hardness and love all sacrifice, if it be for the one great end, and to give himself in absolute obedience to the service of God through

the army. It is to perfect himself for this service that he keeps the rules of health and cleanliness laid down for him, and takes the wisest care of his body as well as of his soul; to further this service that he chooses a wife and forms a family. For there are definite laws in the "F. O. Book," even for this—starting from the point that "every officer should make up his mind . . . that being either married or single is not the great end of his life, but the doing of the will of God" and the promotion of His glory. Therefore he may not marry out of the army; he may enter into no engagement with a person unfitted either by disposition or bodily health to advance his work; he must marry only with the consent of headquarters, after three years' service in the field and one year's engagement. And having formed the engagement only after full consideration and prayer, "any 'F. O.' found to be guilty of shameless or heartless jilting will be reduced to the ranks."

A form of marriage service, as well as that for the "dedication" of children and the burial of the dead, closes the "F. O. Book."

I have barely glanced over the field-officers' duties and qualifications, and must take as hurried a glimpse of their preparation for the war. There are in New York two training garrisons for women, one under Staff-Captain Keith, in Harlem, and one in Cherry Street, where the workers of the slum brigade are specially trained. Captain Keith and the nine cadets now under her care are lodged in the old police court near One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, where they have only recently taken possession of the bright, airy, sunny rooms, and the large court-room for their meeting-hall. The captain—whom I first met with the ideal officer of the "F. O. Book" fresh in my mind—was to me a fair embodiment of that example; a quick, sympathetic little Scotch woman, small and frail, with a sweet, sensitive face and a winning brogue. She was trained as a cadet in England by Mrs. Booth-Tucker—"La Mareschale," of whom she spoke with an almost passionate love and admiration. The field-officer must be to the cadets a living object-lesson, after which they model themselves and all their ways, and it is to the wise selection of refined and gentle women for this post that one may attribute the almost universal gentleness and propriety of manner that is noticeable in the girl-officers, whatever their obvious rank in life; Captain Keith, with her face full of spirituality and love, and the touch of true Scottish firmness and canny Scottish humor, is a woman to win the love and hold the obedience of even a hard nature.

The garrison life is very simple and going through the bright, neat rooms with the captain, and catching glimpses of some of the girls at their allotted kitchen tasks, and hearing the merry voices of more in the long apartment which serves as school-room and dining-room in one, I could see that it was happy and homelike. Every hour of the day is full, and has its own distinct duty; there are no "odd-times" in the cadet's schedule. It begins with "bugle-call" or rising bell at seven; after the breakfast at eight o'clock, with its closing grace of singing and prayer, the girls are divided off to the household tasks, each one having in turn for two weeks the special care of one part of the garrison. Two are detailed to keep the meeting-hall swept and dusted, and two have charge of the washing and ironing department, these being the heaviest branches of the housework. At ten o'clock they are in the school-room for Bible reading and study, prayers, singing, lectures on certain days, and any special branches of general education which may be found desirable. The principal text-book is, of course, the "Field Officers' Regulations," as bearing immediately upon the work for which they are preparing, and the Bible is carefully studied and explained, that they may know it in letter and in spirit. Dinner is served at one o'clock, followed by a "silence hour," quiet private prayer and meditation, and from three to half-past five the cadets go out in pairs for "house-to-house visitation" and *Way-Cry* selling in allotted districts. For the work of visitation most careful rules are laid down. Their study of the "F. O. Book" has told them how to approach the people; how to speak about their souls so that no offense shall be given and no harm done by over-haste or unjudging zeal; how to meet rebuffs and rudeness; how to penetrate indifference, and how to turn aside controversy and avoid pitfalls of argument, which never yet saved a soul, and rarely do more than provoke rancor. After supper, at half-past five, follows half an hour of special "prayers for the

field." The meeting is held at 7:15, and at half-past ten every cadet is in bed, and every light in the garrison is out.

On three nights in the week there is a special round of saloon-visiting after the meeting, the girls going out in couples and changing their routes so that each one pays one weekly visit to a given place. "Sometimes," said Captain Keith, "I go with them myself, when one of the girls is new and I can't be sure of her judgment. One must be so careful to say the right thing and not hurt the work by a word out of place. No"—in answer to my question—"the owners of the places are never uncivil to us; they are always willing to have us come, and never interfere with our speaking to the men. They say we are good women and ought to be helped. We just go up to each one and ask him to buy a paper, and say something kind to him about his soul, and try to talk to them if they will let us. There is only one saloon in Harlem where they never let us come in."

"And what do you do when you are refused?"

"Just say 'God bless you,' kindly, and go out. Some day they will let us in," said the captain, with her sweet smile. "And no one is ever rude to us, even when they are drunk. Only once a man said something to one of our girls, and every other man in the room turned on him and there was a terrible fight. That is one thing I notice here," she went on, "that the lowest men have so much respect for women, so much more than we find in England. It's wonderful to me as I go about among them."

How much good is done by these visitations it is impossible for an outsider to judge—hard indeed for the patient visitors themselves to guess at. "Perhaps we shall never know," said one of the women, "until we meet them in heaven." But it is not hard to understand how many a heart crusted over with selfishness and vice, and callous to every call but those of the senses, may have been reached and pierced just by the recurring sight of a kind, sweet, patient face, coming to seek him out, and the sound of a gentle "God bless you" from a pure and absolutely single-hearted woman.

So, the cadets are trained and grounded in their future work as missionaries. Theology is not ignored in their preparation, though it comes little to the front with a Salvationist, either at the meetings or in private talks. Their doctrines are very simple, and can all be included in the Apostles' Creed—the belief in the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Redemption, "the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting." Calvinistic dogma has no place in their teaching; Christ's atonement is universal, election and predestination being but God's purpose from eternity to save all such as repent and confess Him. The "four last things"—Death, Judgment, Hell, and Heaven, the certainty of pardon to the penitent, and the power of grace to keep him from all sin, so long as he be faithful to its guidance—these are the cardinal points, held up at the meetings, and impressed upon the listener in street or shop, where the Salvationist delivers his message. The Bible, it need hardly be said, suffers nothing through "higher criticism" at their hands; it is unconditionally accepted as God's written word to man, to whom He speaks also by His Spirit in the heart, "and by His Spirit also through one man to another." For the guiding of that Spirit the officer prays at every step of his work, and to their strong faith the direction never fails to come.

The greatest lack in the army doctrine is the absence of sacramental teaching. Neither baptism nor Holy Communion are regarded by them as essential duties, nor do they attach any efficacy to either rite. The children are "dedicated" or consecrated to the service of God; the Lord's Supper may be received according to the usages of other denominations, if the soldier finds it "a help to faith," but it has no place in the army's creed or catechism. The baptism of the Holy Ghost must come upon the soul, filling it with love for God and "burning zeal for the salvation of the world"; but there is no outward form to convey this in-dwelling, and no visible sign or seal accompanies it. "With this baptism comes sanctification, and these," they tell us, "are some of its fruits:

"Perfect peace in the soul."  
"A simple, constant trust in God;" looking for "great spiritual wonders and blessings."

"A perfect and hearty agreement with the will of God."

"Great tenderness of heart toward God and man, and watchful eagerness to serve both to the uttermost."

"A special and complete victory over every sinful besetment, passion or habit which has been a cause of sin, and usually perfect deliverance from the besetment." G. A. DAVIS.

## Transportation Exhibit at the World's Fair.

THE extent to which modern science is subduing physical forces to human use is strikingly illustrated by the progress which is making in annihilating space and distance by improved methods of transportation. We are building war-ships that skim the seas with almost lightning rapidity. The feat of the *Columbia* in making twenty-five miles an hour would have been deemed incredible a decade ago. But who shall say that the limit of speed capacity in steam navigation has been reached? So in railway travel. Twenty-five years ago a speed of thirty miles on a railway was regarded as the attainable maximum. Mr. George Westinghouse, Jr., the inventor of the air-brake, said not long ago to the writer that it was impossible to run a train with perfect safety on an American road at a speed of forty miles an hour. Now a sustained speed of over fifty miles an hour is safely made every day on the New York Central, and is scarcely considered remarkable.

No department of the Chicago exposition possessed greater interest than that which illustrated the progress made in the means of transportation. One of the most attractive features of this exhibit were the quaint old trains that some of the great trunk lines had reproduced for the occasion, standing beside a modern train, with its perfection of safety appliances and luxurious furnishings.

A principal attraction of this general exhibit was that of the New York Central. At one end of the beautiful building erected by that company and the Wagner Palace Car Company, stood the De Witt Clinton, the first locomotive used upon the New York Central, with its train of old-fashioned Concord coaches, mounted on trucks suitable for running by steam on the old strap rail of the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad, now and for many years part of the main line of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. It was on the trial trip of this train that Thurlow Weed, Erasmus Corning, ex-Governor Yates, J. J. Boyd, Billy Winne (penny-postman); Edwin Crosswell, editor of the *Albany Argus*; John Townsend, late mayor of Albany; Major Meigs, (sheriff); Jacob Hays (high constable of New York); Mr. Dudley, of Dudley's Observatory; Joseph Alexander, of the Commercial Bank; Louis Benedict, and J. J. De Graft, mayor of Schenectady, were passengers, and its first trip was made from Albany to Schenectady, a distance of seventeen miles, August 9th, 1831, on which occasion a maximum speed of fifteen miles an hour was attained.

Close beside this quaint reminder of early days stood the New York Central's ponderous locomotive, No. 999, attached to the Empire State express, which this great engine drew for some weeks previous to its going to Chicago to take its place among the transportation exhibits.

Engine 999 is a result of the most careful and delicate experiments, covering a period of many years, and is justly regarded as one of the most perfect pieces of machinery ever created. The principal dimensions are as follows:

Cylinders	19 in. x 24 in.
Diameter of driving wheels outside of tires	86 in.
Diameter engine truck wheels	40 in.
Springs, length of driver, centre to centre of hangers	44 in.
Total length of boiler	26 ft. 4 1/2 in.
Diameter of first ring outside	58 in.
Size of fire-box	108 1/2 in. x 40 1/2 in.
Tubes, 268	2 in. dia., 12 ft. long.
Heating surface in tubes	1,697.45 sq. ft.
Heating surface in fire-box	282.92 sq. ft.
Total heating surface	1,980.37 sq. ft.
Grate surface	30.7 sq. ft.
Stack, inside diameter	15 1/2 in.
Weight in working order	124,000 lbs.
Weight on drivers	84,000 lbs.
Driving-wheel base	8 ft. 6 in.
Weight of tender loaded	80,000 lbs.
Total weight of engine and tender	204,000 lbs.
Extreme length of engine	39 ft. 6 3/4 in.
Extreme height from top of rails to top of stack	14 ft. 10 in.
Fuel used, bituminous coal	

The most notable run ever recorded was that of this engine, drawing the Empire State express, on May 10th, 1893, when the world's record of a mile in 32 seconds was made. This is equivalent to 112 1/2 miles an hour. The passengers on board said that the train flew along with the same steadiness that would have accompanied a slower rate of speed. There was no unusual swaying or jolting, and only persons who were looking out for manifestations of extraordinary speed would have noticed that the clackety-click of the rails sounded like the roar of musketry, and the telegraph-poles along the track seemed like pickets in a fence.

Alongside the Empire State express stood the exhibit of the Wagner Palace Car Company, declared to be the handsomest train of cars in the world. It consisted of a combination baggage, buffet, smoking, and library car, a state-room car, a sleeping-car and a dining-car, all painted in royal blue and gold. They are longer than cars are usually built, being 72 feet long inside and 78



feet 5 inches over all. The wheels are of Krupp steel, 36 inches in diameter. The cars are all provided with the perfected Wagner vestibule and the Gould platform, buffer, and coupler. They are lighted by electricity, gas-burners being also put in for emergency. Heat is radiated from the engine by the safety system, and in all of the saloons, the barber-shop, and bath-rooms, the floor is tiled. The combination car is furnished in the colonial style, and embraces a barber-shop, a steward's pantry and buffet, a card-room, a writing-room and library, and a baggage compartment. The drawing-room car "Pinzon" is finished in Greek design and luxuriously furnished. The state-room car "San Salvador" is probably the handsomest in the train. It is finished in the Empire style. State-room A is finished in antique mahogany, dark-striped Wilton carpet, and water-silk tapestry. It is in the style of Louis XVI. renaissance. The double state-room B and C is finished in Circassian walnut, with slate and white-figured damask upholstery. It is finished in the Empire design. State-room D is in ivory and gold in the style of Louis XV.; the draperies and upholstery are of rose satin damask. State-room E is finished in satin-wood, the upholstery being light olive satin-figured damask. Each of these latter state-rooms is fitted with private bathroom. The double state-room F and G is finished in mahogany in an Empire design, the draperies and upholstery being a canary satin-figured damask. The sleeping-car "Isabella" and the dining-car "Ferdinand" complete the train. The head linings of all of the cars are of embossed plaster of Paris, decorated in various colors.

Another remarkable exhibit of the transportation department of the fair was that of the London and Northwestern Railway Company, which sent over a complete train, composed of the high-class and powerful compound locomotive Queen-Empress, tender, sleeping-saloon, and a standard composite car. The exhibit derived additional interest from the fact that the London and Northwestern was the pioneer line of the world in initiating steam travel, the first successful train by George Stephenson's locomotive, the Rocket, having been run September 15th, 1830, on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, now incorporated in the London and Northwestern. This latter railway is the trunk line of Great Britain, at once the oldest and wealthiest in the realm. It extends through nearly three-fourths of the whole of the counties of England and Wales, and connects with Scotland through historic Carlisle, and with Ireland through the ports of Holyhead, Fleetwood, Liverpool, etc. The magnitude of this great corporation is shown by the following interesting statistics:

Capital stock.....	\$540,000,000
Annual revenue.....	58,625,000
"    expenditure.....	32,750,000
Number of persons employed by company.....	62,000
"    in locomotive department.....	19,000
Miles operated.....	2,700
Engines owned.....	2,713
Passenger cars owned.....	7,470
Freight.....	60,000
Wagons and trucks owned.....	3,700
Horses.....	3,700
Steamships.....	20
Passengers carried annually.....	67,250,000
Weight of tickets issued annually.....	50 tons
(which, if placed end to end, would in 11 years make a belt round the world 1 1/2 inches in width.)	
Tons of goods and minerals carried annually.....	37,500,000
Number of stations.....	800
"    signal cabins.....	1,500
"    signal levers in use.....	32,000
"    signal lamps lighted every night.....	17,000
Number of accounts opened last year at Crews for special orders for various departments.....	10,000

As is generally known, the locomotives and carriages on English railways differ in many particulars from those used on American roads. The compound express passenger locomotive, Queen-Empress, exhibited at Chicago, showed very clearly the points of contrast with locomotives of American construction and design. A few of its leading features are as follows:

Two high-pressure cylinders 15 inches in diameter x 24 inches stroke, and one low-pressure cylinder 30 inches in diameter x 24 inches stroke. The engine is carried on four pairs of wheels, the leading pair being 4 feet 1 1/4 inches diameter, and fitted with F. W. Webb's arrangement of radial axle-box with central controlling spring. The high and low pressure driving-wheels are 7 feet 1 inch diameter, and are placed in front of the fire-box. The trailing wheels are 4 feet 1 1/4 inches diameter, the axle-boxes having 1/4 inch side play. Both pairs of driving-wheels being placed in front of the fire-box necessitates the adoption of a long boiler, the barrel of which is 18 feet 6 inches long, made out of 1/2 inch steel plates, having a mean diameter of 4 feet 3 inches, the fire-box casing being 6 feet 10 inches long. An intermediate combustion chamber (F. W. Webb's system) is placed in the barrel of the boiler, between the fire-box and smoke-box tube plates, so as to divide the tubes into two lengths. Access is obtained to the chamber by an opening at the bottom, to which is attached a hopper for getting rid of the ashes which may accumulate in the chamber. To the bottom of this hopper is fixed a valve which is air-tight, and weighted in such a manner that in its normal position it will be closed, but it is also connected to the foot-plate with a rod, so that the driver can open it when necessary to let out the ashes. There are 156 tubes 24 inches outside diameter. The total heating surface of these tubes is 1,346 square feet; the combustion chamber, 39.1 square feet, and fire-box 120.6 square feet; making a

total of 1,505.7 square feet. The weight of the engine in working order is 52 tons 2 cwt., of which 15 1/4 tons is carried by each pair of driving-wheels. The tender, which is fitted with the water "pick-up" apparatus, weighs 25 tons in working order, and has a tank capacity of 1,870 gallons, and carries four tons of coal. The total wheel base of the engine is 23 feet 8 inches, and of engine and tender 43 feet 11 1/4 inches, and total length of engine and tender over buffers is 54 feet. The height from rail level to centre of boiler is 7 feet 10 1/4 inches.

In April last, with a view of testing the power and capabilities of the compound locomotive, the Greater Britain, the sister of the Queen-Empress, was run continuously for six days, attached to some of the quickest and heaviest express and mail trains running between London and Carlisle. She was double-manned, and in the time stated covered a distance of 3,612 miles, which includes twenty-four miles running between the engine-sheds and the stations at the end of each journey.

The sleeping-saloon forming part of the Chicago exhibit is forty-two feet long and contains four sleeping compartments, each having a separate lavatory; the two end compartments contain four berths each, while the middle compartments have two berths each only. A corridor runs the whole length of the carriage and the compartments open off from the corridor; side doors allow exit on platforms. Pockets for valuables are placed above the pillow of each berth, and under the berth is a commodious black-walnut wardrobe. There is also a smoking-compartment for gentlemen, and an attendants' compartment. The saloon is fitted with electric lights, gas, electric bells, and is heated through pipes.

The composite carriage exhibited is also forty-two feet long; it is, however, divided into first, second, and third-class compartments, a coupé and baggage compartment. The furnishings and decorations are all rich and elegant. The compartments are entered by side doors, are provided with lavatory accommodations, lighted by gas and electricity, and fitted with vacuum and Westinghouse brakes.

It will be remembered that during the progress of the recent exposition, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY offered a prize of a thousand-dollar cup with a view of bringing about a trial of speed between locomotive No. 999 and the Queen-Empress. This was found to be impracticable, for the reason that the Queen-Empress, being a new engine which had never been fired, it was claimed that a race with a locomotive which had been in active use would not afford a fair test of her capacity. While failing in this effort, FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY was in another direction, however, successful, and that was in inducing the general representative of the company in this country (Mr. C. A. Barattoni) to run the English train from Chicago to New York, with a view of affording the people of the cities along the lines of Lake Shore, New York Central, and connecting roads, an opportunity to inspect it. The run will be made during the coming month and this will be the first British train ever run under steam on the tracks of American roads. It will undoubtedly prove an object of great interest to thousands of people.

Exhibitions are to be made at Elkhart, Indiana; Toledo and Cleveland, Ohio; Erie, Pa.; and at Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Watertown, Utica, Albany, Poughkeepsie, Yonkers and New York City.

## The Yale-Princeton Foot-ball Game.

NEVER before has so much interest centred about the match game of foot-ball between Yale and Princeton. For a good many weeks there has been speculation on the result, and all those men with betting proclivities have been drawing conclusions from the games played by the two colleges to date. It will be a battle between giants, and whether the day is favorable or unfavorable, it will have scarcely any effect on the attendance, for no difficulty has been experienced in disposing of the seating capacity of Manhattan Field weeks before the game takes place.

The University of Pennsylvania has sustained defeat from both the teams which will play on Thanksgiving Day. Princeton on a wet day defeated the Pennsylvanians by 4 to 0, and Yale on a clear day by 14 to 6. Yale has had the most difficult work, for the struggle with Harvard was made at a time when the men were as fit as skillful coaches and the most careful training could make them; the short interval between the two big games, of course, was not sufficient to allow the players to get stale. Yale's last two games, however, have afforded Princeton fine opportunities to observe and profit by the tricks and methods of play utilized by the defenders of the blue. Princeton has profited by her uninterrupted practice work, and of late the individual and team form of the

eleven has improved steadily; this has been gratifying to the followers of the Tigers.

Of course Yale was disappointed in not shutting out the Pennsylvanians completely, and since the 11th the eleven has worked with desperation and redoubled energy, if such a thing is possible, in order to close the season with a glorious display of the blue. The coaches of the team have been unremitting in the patience, judgment, and diplomacy they have displayed in getting the men in condition. Both elevens have drilled, rehearsed and practiced in secret over and over again, in order to make victory sure. Princeton's team to-day is better than the one of 1892. The winners of the coming match will have the satisfaction of knowing that the losing team was worthy of their strength and skill.

Yale has had thirty-two men in training, including six veterans, while Princeton has had a smaller number, and her men will be somewhat handicapped by the superior weight of their rivals from New Haven. Princeton has not won a championship since 1889, and this year every known resource has been taxed to produce the winning eleven. Since the opening of the season many changes in the personnel of the two teams have been made.

When Thursday arrives thousands of dollars will have been wagered on the result, and the army of followers possessed by each college will go to Harlem prepared to back their favorite team to the extent of additional thousands. It is New York's leading amateur game of the year, and New-Yorkers have never failed to give it their most generous support.

Butterworth, Thorne, Armstrong, Stillman, Hickok, McCrea, Hinkey, and Greenway, with their fellow Yale players, will have no easy task when they line up before Allen, King, Balliet, Trenchard, McCormick, Holly, Wheeler, and the players who will support them in the fight for Princeton. Of course the best team will win, and the victors will then be heroes until another year rolls by, when the same battle will be fought over again.

S. ARMSTRONG NELSON.

## Our Foreign Pictures.

### ENGINEERING WORK ON THE DANUBE.

SOME years ago the Hungarian government undertook by a systematic series of engineering enterprises to straighten out and regulate the tortuous and impracticable channel of the river Danube. This beautiful stream had long been a source of inconvenience and danger. Its serpentine course was full of impossible angles; owing to alternate wash-outs and bar formations, its depths were constantly varying; vessels were subject to long delays; and in the season of high water terrible floods devastated the valleys and played havoc with life and property. Gigantic as was the scheme of forming a new, straight, and practicable channel, the work has been carried to a successful conclusion, and on a recent occasion, amidst great rejoicing and much enthusiasm, the first steamer entered the new channel and passed successfully over the course, which before long will be opened to general traffic. The plan of work pursued was most simple. By survey, such tributaries were selected as might aid the enterprise, and others were condemned and deflected. Dykes of loose stones were built, embankments made, and the desired course thus traced on the land. Then the mighty river, whose force had been concentrated at a given point, was turned from its ancient channel and, rushing with mighty power into the new and semi-prepared bed, by the force of its own current carved out in a few hours a channel which months of labor could not have accomplished. In order that the accumulations of mud and stones washed along by the flood should not check its career, deep pockets or cuts into land had been made. Into these all solid matter was pushed by the rushing water, leaving the course free and unobstructed; while to crown the work the loose stones washed from the dykes were scattered along the sides, forming a natural bank and preventing undesirable inroads on the surrounding country.

### THE CATASTROPHE AT SANTANDER.

AN alarming tendency to disaster by dynamite seems at present to be prevalent in Europe. This was distressingly instanced by the recent occurrence at Santander. The steamer *Cabo Machichaco*, carrying a general cargo, anchored at the wharf and commenced discharging freight. A quantity of dynamite had been put on shore supposedly all the vessel contained, when suddenly a frightful explosion took place, the vessel was blown into atoms, and burning embers and bodies of victims were cast in every direction. There were, all told, a hundred souls on board, all of whom perished, and among the victims

were the crews of surrounding ships, and idlers who from the shore were watching the debarkation. Hundreds of bodies were subsequently recovered, and it is supposed that many more were annihilated or washed away in the waters of the bay.

### AN AMIR'S HUNTING TRAIN.

Our picture from the London *Graphic*, illustrating a hunting expedition of the Amir of Afghanistan, gives a vivid idea of the "pomp and circumstance" which attend even the amusements of petty Eastern potentates. In this case the Amir was returning from a duck-shooting excursion on the marshes, and was, as usual, attended by his body-guards—all Barakzais, tribemen of his own. "The Amir was seated in his palanquin, borne by four bearers, who scuffled along leaning on the pole. The Amir carries a walking-stick when he rides in the palanquin, and if the pace is not speedy enough he prods the nearest bearer on the back with it."

### A MATABELI RAID.

The warriors of Matabeleland, against whom the British are now operating, are cruel and bloodthirsty in the last degree. Our illustration depicts one of their raids into Mashonaland, where they massacred an old chief and his defenders, and carried away his queen as a prisoner. The fertile country around the village of the chief was desolated by the marauders, the crops being destroyed, the cattle carried off, the huts burned, the corn-bins overturned and rifled of their contents. It is no wonder that the British traders who have been long exposed to the hostility of these savages are clamorous for their subjugation.

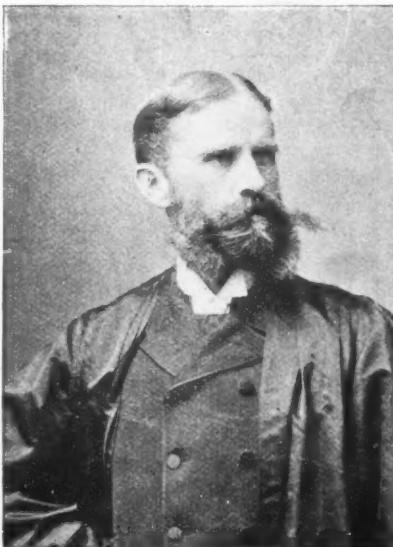
### HONORING MR. GLADSTONE.

Mr. Gladstone's followers in Parliament never miss an opportunity to do him honor. His appearance in the House of Commons is always marked by demonstrations of enthusiasm and fidelity. One of these occasions is depicted in our illustration. Mr. Gladstone entered the House during the consideration of the Parish Councils bill, coming in from behind the speaker's chair, and quietly taking his seat. As he did so his supporters rose to their feet and cheered him warmly.

## FACE STUDIES BY STILETTO

### Rev. Henry Van Dyke.

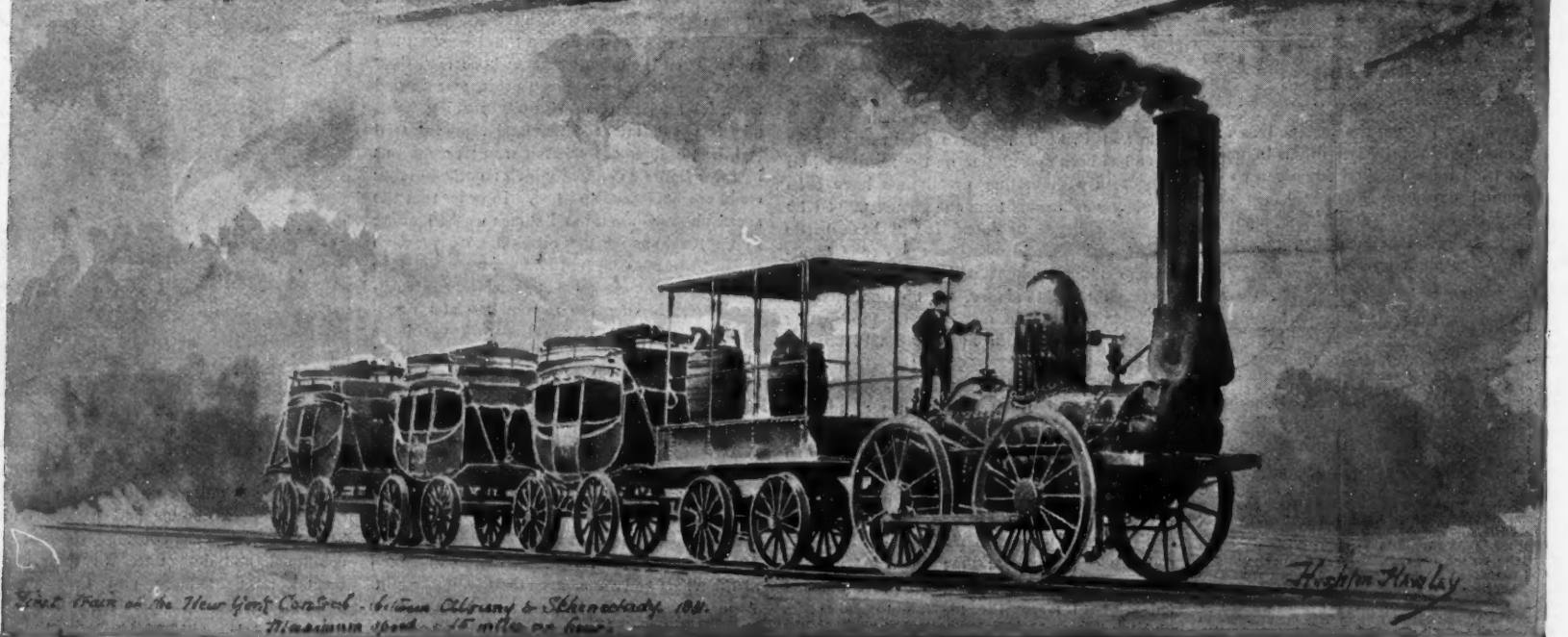
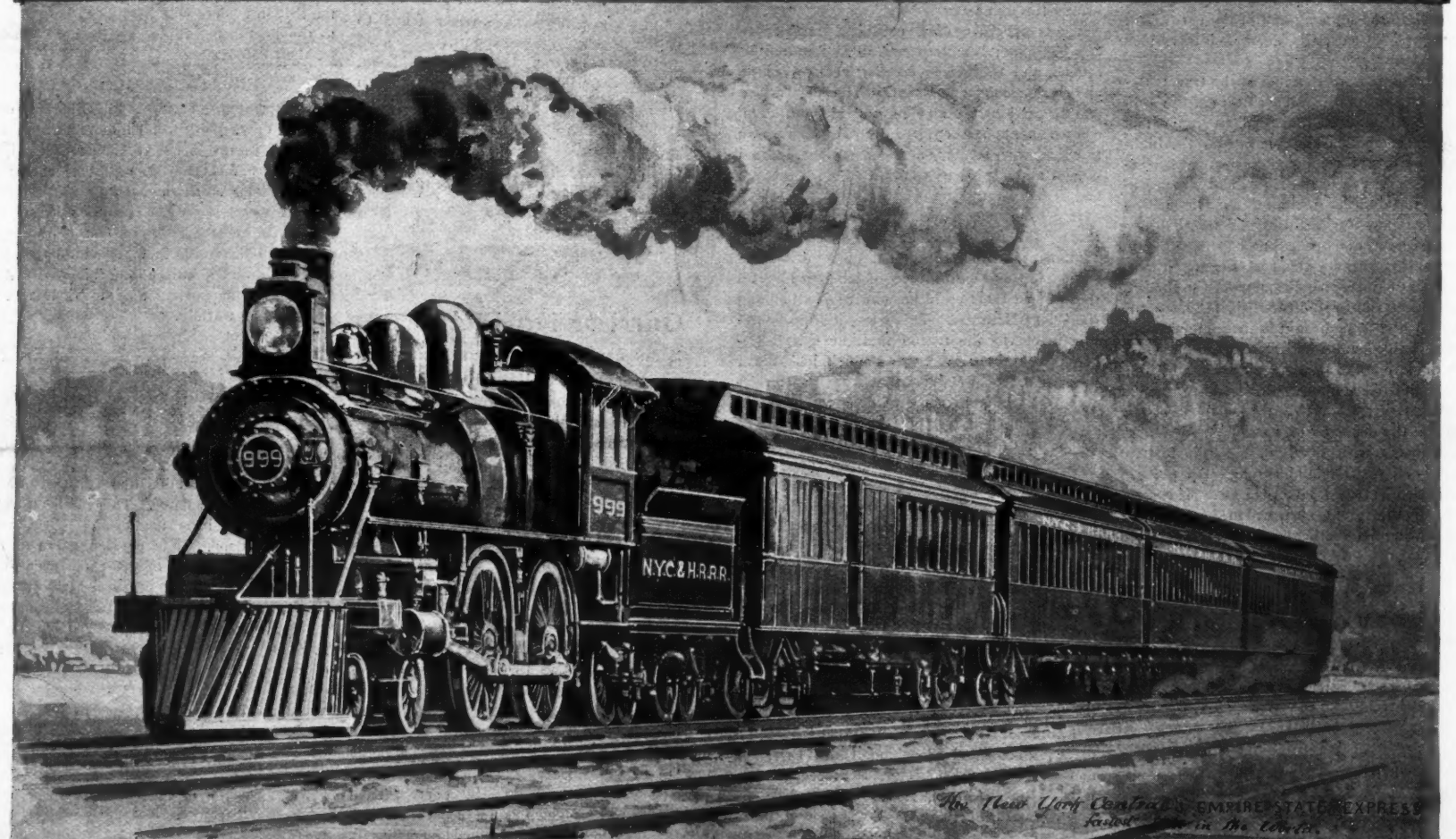
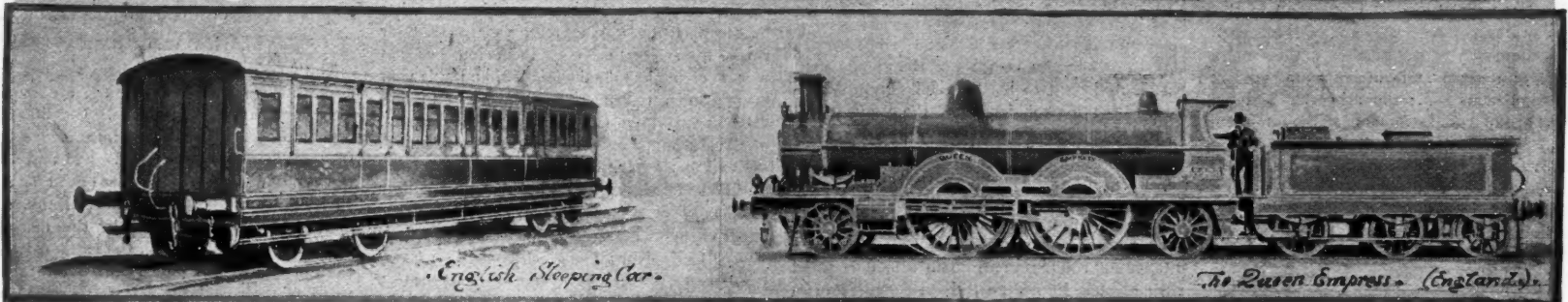
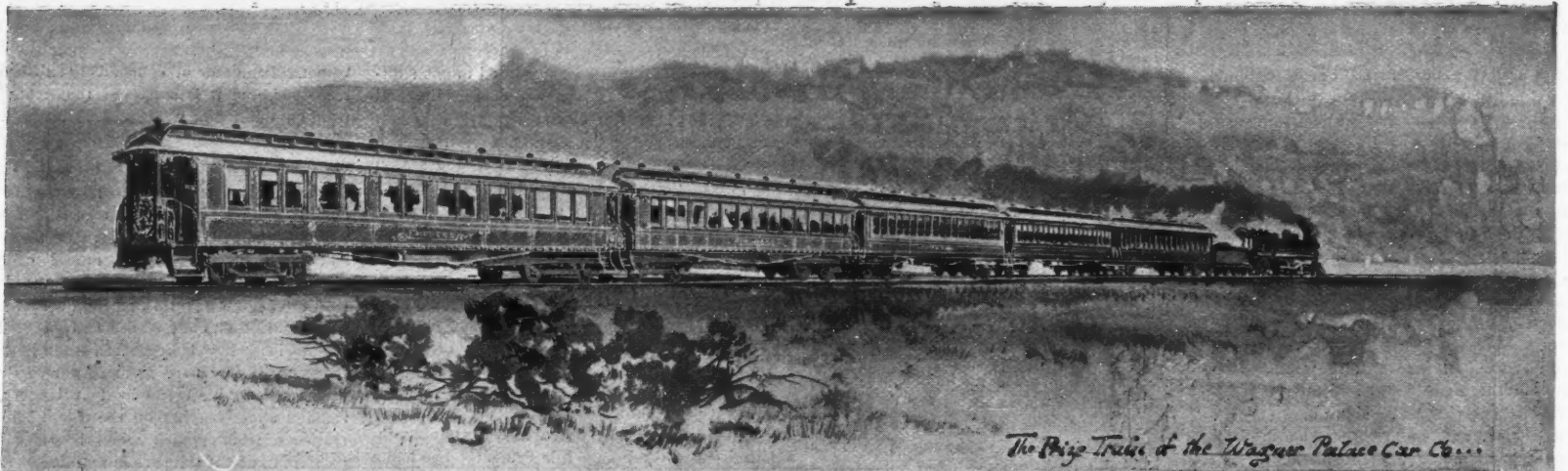
REFINEMENT of mind and spirit are distinct upon this countenance. The intellect, as evidenced by the brow and eyes, is clear, steady, calm, and deep. It is not impulsive or emotional, but is capable of great enthusiasm and an intense and patient degree of concentration. Veneration is well developed in a firm, broad-minded manner, without superstition or narrow fancy. Beneath the eyes is the suggestion of ready speech, and the lips, though half-concealed, speak a warm temperament, intense



REV. HENRY VAN DYKE.

appreciation and sympathy, while the nose, by its prominence between the eyes, is indicative of a distinct individuality and bears also the stamp of perseverance and patient endeavor. The gaze of the eyes is candid, thoughtful, self-contained, and deliberate. In their depths is mental far-sightedness, and they are frank. While the full beard conceals much of the outer evidence of the power of the will, the pose of the head and general indications suggest a calm, fearless determination, logical, intelligent, not aggressive, not perhaps always forcible, but strong to resist, and sometimes very obstinate.





# THE DEVELOPMENT OF SPEED IN RAILWAYS.

FEATURES OF THE TRANSPORTATION EXHIBIT AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—METHODS OLD AND NEW.—[SEE PAGE 352.]

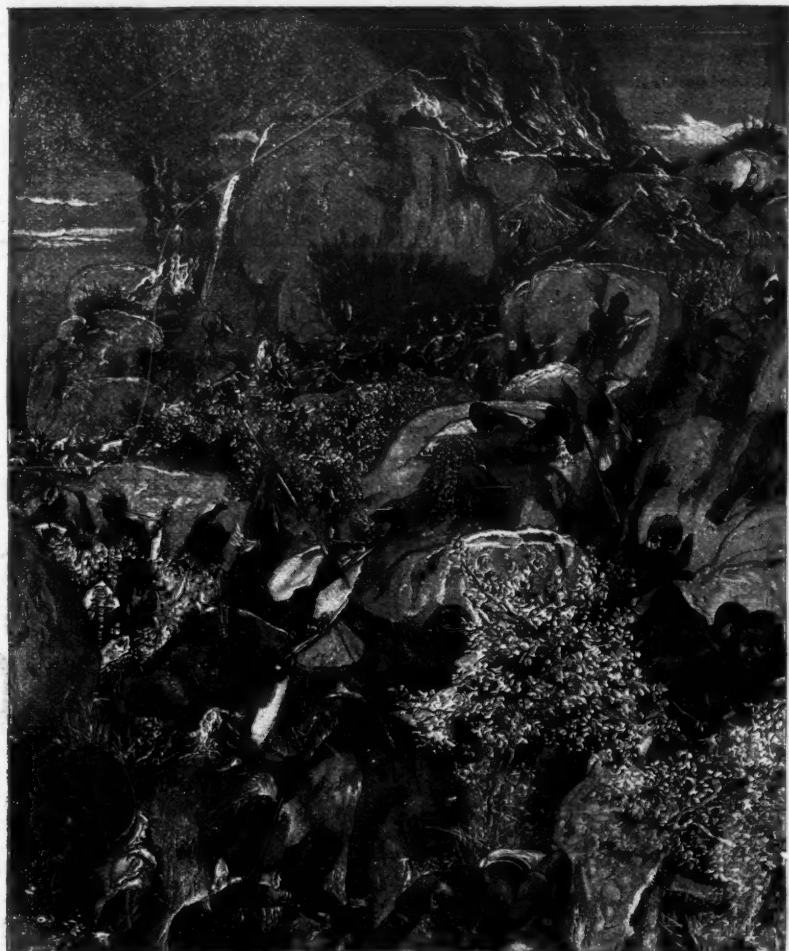




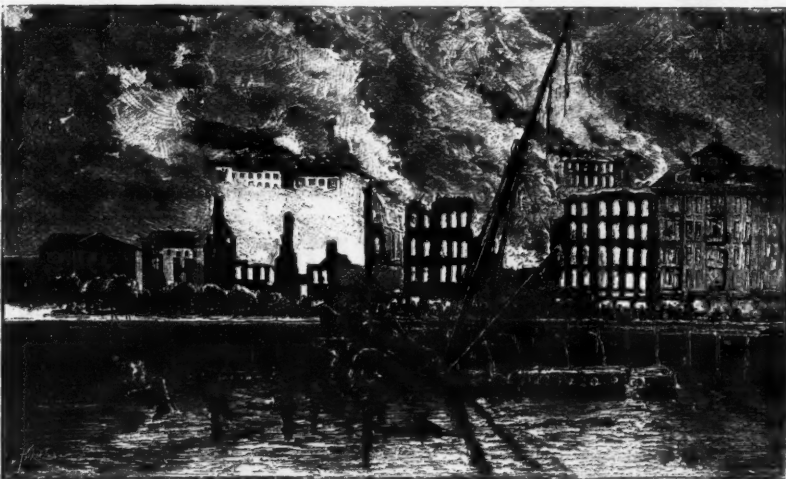
A STEAMBOAT ENTERING THE NEW BED OF THE DANUBE.



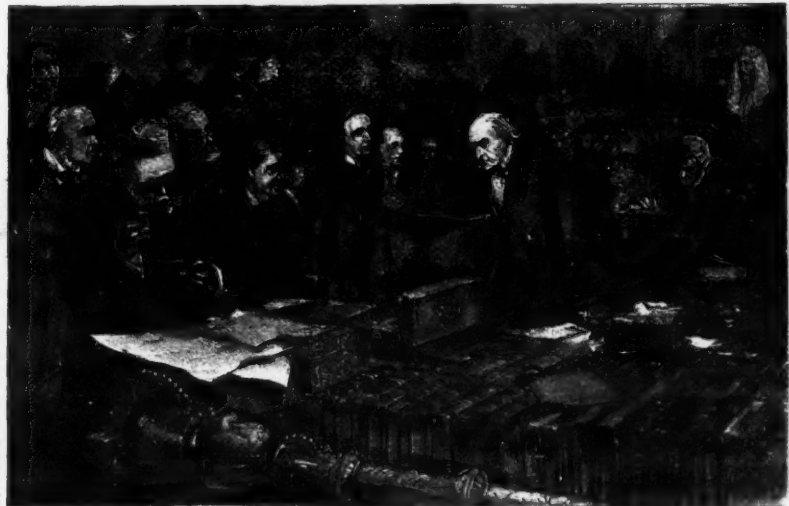
The Queen. Princess Louis of Battenberg. Princess Henry of Prussia.  
THE MOST RECENT PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA.



A MATABELE RAID IN MASHONALAND.



EFFECTS OF THE DYNAMITE EXPLOSION AT SANTANDER, SPAIN.



MR. GLADSTONE ENTERING THE HOUSE OF COMMONS DURING A DEBATE.



THE AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN RETURNING FROM A SHOOTING EXPEDITION.



## HARD TIMES MADE EASY.

To the Editor:—You are probably aware that millions of America's men are tobacco-spitting and puffing billions of dollars away. The total value of tobacco consumed is appalling—all this can be saved. The nerve nicotizing and destroying effects of using tobacco, in any form, upon the physical and mental organization is simply terrible. One of Chicago's great newspapers, the *Inter-Ocean*, devoted an entire eight-page supplement, illustrated in eight colors, to tell about *No-To-Bac*, the only reliable and absolutely guaranteed tobacco-habit cure in all the world. As a remedial agent in destroying the desire for tobacco, building up the nervous system, making pure, rich blood, and increasing the weight, strength, and vitality of the user, *No-To-Bac* performs miracles. If the readers of your paper are interested in learning all about the injurious effects of tobacco, and how it can be easily, economically, and permanently cured, write us—we will send them a copy as long as they last. Address the Chicago office, 45 Randolph Street, or the main office and laboratory, Indiana Mineral Springs, Indiana. Respectfully yours,

A. L. THOMAS, President,  
Sterling Remedy Co., Makers of No-To-Bac.

OUR readers will be interested to learn that the Quick-Winding Watches manufactured by the Waterbury Watch Company received the medal of the World's Columbian Exposition. As the rules governing awards declare that there will be but one class of medals, this award is equivalent to the highest class medal of other exhibitions. A diploma was also awarded the company for artistic display, for general exhibit, and for the remarkable and now famous Century Clock, which was rated as one of the very remarkable attractions of the Manufacture building.

## A REMARKABLE OFFER.

A STARTLING announcement is made by the proprietors of *GODEY'S MAGAZINE*, which is in keeping with the stirring and attractive new life they began about a year ago.

The Godey Publishing Company are sending any of the various popular magazines and periodicals as an absolute gift to any one subscribing to *GODEY'S* for one year, practically a choice of any American periodical free.

"Two for the price of one," is the announcement that is widely advertised in leading monthlies and weeklies throughout the country. Thus *Godey's* and *Lippincott's* are furnished one year for \$3, the regular price of both being \$6; or *Godey's* and *Century* for \$4, the regular price being \$7. Similar combinations have been made with the *Cosmopolitan*, *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, *Review of Reviews* and all the leading magazines and periodicals in the country.

Our readers will thank us for calling their attention to this money-saving feature. The address of the Godey Publishing Company is 21 Park Row, New York City.

SUPERIOR to vaseline and cucumbers. Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York; druggists, perfumers, fancy goods stores.

When the first Napoleon gave an elaborate banquet at Versailles it was always topped off by a Marie Brizard & Roger cordial. They are still on sale and the quality never changes. T. W. STEINER, Union Square, New York.

**Brown's Household Panacea.** "The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25 cents a bottle.

For steady nerves and good sleep use Bromo-Seltzer. Contains no anti-pyrine.

Add 20 drops of Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters to every glass of water you drink.

## A PITIABLE SIGHT

It is to see an infant suffering from the lack of proper food. It is entirely unnecessary, as a reliable food can always be obtained; we refer to the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. The most successful and nourishing infant food.

EVERY piano bought of Sohmer & Co. will be found strictly as represented and warranted.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, always all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

## Perfect Baby Health

ought to mean glowing health throughout childhood, and robust health in the years to come.

When we see in children tendencies to weakness, we know they are missing the life of food taken. This loss is overcome by

## Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, a fat-food that builds up appetite and produces flesh at a rate that appears magical.

Almost as palatable as milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

## HOW BABIES SUFFER

When their tender Skins are literally ON FIRE with Itching and Burning Eczemas and other Itching, Scaly, and Blotchy Skin and Scalp Diseases, with Loss of Hair, none but mothers realize. To know that a single application of the



## CUTICURA

Remedies will afford immediate relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure, and not to use them, is to fail in your duty. Parents, save your children years of needless suffering from torturing and disfiguring eruptions. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

**BABY'S** Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.



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Relieved in one minute by that new, elegant, and infallible Antidote to Pain, Inflammation, and Weakness, the Cuticure Anti-Pain Plaster. 25 cents.

## POSITIVELY BEAUTIFUL

"MY DEAR FELLOW, there was always something to admire in that girl; but now she is positively beautiful. Her hair, so rich and wavy, shows the perfection of care; her teeth are like ivory; her cherry-red lips are enchanting, and a more exquisite complexion I never saw." "But, John, you should not forget that the object of your adoration has made herself lovely by the use of

## CONSTANTINE'S PINE TAR SOAP

It is now no longer a secret that this INDISPENSABLE ARTICLE FOR TOILET USE is a PURIFYING AGENT OF WONDERFUL VIRTUES. It is harmless and inexpensive, but if you obtain the Original, which bears CONSTANTINE'S name, you will be able to HEIGHTEN EVERY CHARM which adds PERFECTION to

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FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

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Beware of Imitations.  
NOTICE  
AUTOGRAPH OF  
OF  
AND GET  
THE GENUINE  
HARTSHORN

## A Great Animal Circus.

ONE of the great attractions of the Midway Plaisance at the Columbian Exposition was Hagenback's Animal Circus, which never failed to draw crowds of spectators who were at once awed and delighted by the feats of the performers. A chief feature was the display of the trained lions, and the object-lesson which it afforded of the power of the human will in subduing savage brute nature. The equestrian performances of these lions were especially thrilling. The metropolitan public will be glad to learn that this animal circus has been transferred to this city, and will open for a brief season at Tattersall's, Broadway and Fifty-Sixth Street, on Thanksgiving Day. There cannot be any doubt that the show will be fully as popular here as it was in Chicago, and it is not impossible that it may prove sufficiently remunerative to the proprietors to justify its continuance through the winter.

THOUSANDS of the new citizens of the Cherokee country are so disgusted that they want to give it back to the Indians and let them die there.—Judge.

## EVERY HOUSEKEEPER SHOULD USE Cottolene

The new vegetable shortening. It meets the most exacting requirements, and is beside entirely free from the objectionable characteristics of lard, long known and long suffered. Now deliverance has come. With Cottolene, good cooking, good food and good health are all assured. But you must be sure you get COTTOLENE

## And refuse all counterfeits

Beware of imitations made to sell on the merits and popularity of COTTOLENE. Refuse them all, and your grocer will then understand that you know exactly what you want. This will bring you satisfaction and save you disappointment.

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## VIN MARIANI

is Unequalled as a Strengtheners of the Entire System, and Restorer of the Vital Forces. A remarkable aid in all fatigue of body and mind, and indispensable to Brain Workers and all who suffer from Over-exertion, Loss of Appetite, Sleeplessness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Impoverished Blood, Lung and Throat Troubles.

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only to turn to the right remedy to make yourself secure from disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery prevents as well as cures. Take it, as you ought, when you feel the first symptoms (langor, loss of appetite, dullness, depression) and you'll save yourself from something serious.

In recovering from "La Grippe," or in convalescence from pneumonia, fevers, or other wasting diseases, nothing can equal it to build up needed flesh and strength.

It's a blood-purifier that has stood the test of time; for a quarter of a century the "Discovery" has numbered its cures by the thousands. The manufacturers prove their faith in it by guaranteeing it for all disorders arising from bad blood; in Scrofula, Eczema, Tetter, Salt-rheum, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, and every kindred ailment.

If you receive no benefit you'll get your money back. What offer could be fairer?

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Are a few of the many attractions offered  
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are of modern construction, and provided with every  
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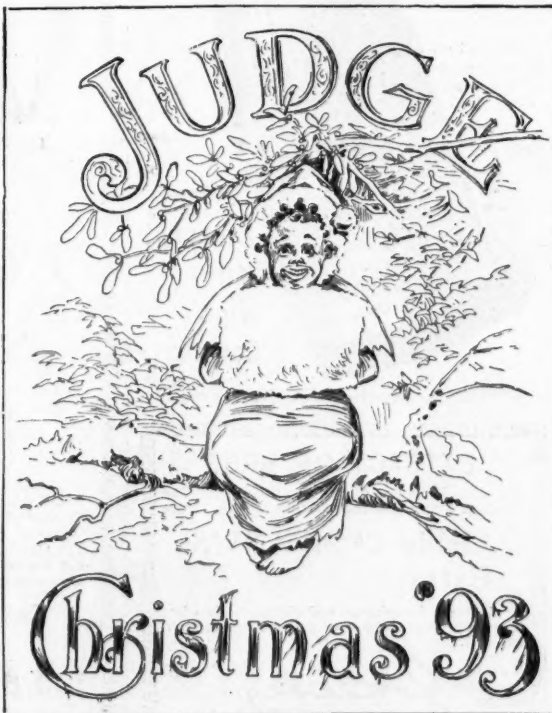
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ing artist, pulling out the marvelously full  
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down some." Then, giving the skirt a fore-and-  
aft kick, she added, "and you can put a reef or  
two in this spinnaker."

"I see," assented the dressmaker; "you  
want to wear it when you're running close-haul-  
ed to the wind."

"That's it," she responded enthusiastically;  
"and it makes it easier to gybe."—Judge.

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Stubborn tendencies  
to digestive troubles  
in children will always  
yield to a mild dose  
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## Beecham's Pills

(Tasteless)

25 cents a box.

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Morphine Habit Cured in 10  
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A laxative, refreshing  
fruit lozenge,  
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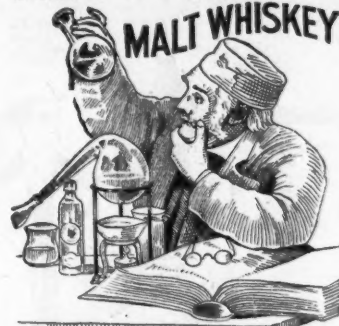
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should insist upon having DUFFY'S PURE MALT  
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Send for Illustrated Book.

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Cleanses and beautifies the hair.  
Promotes a luxuriant growth.  
Never Fails to Restore Gray  
Hair to its Youthful Color.  
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.  
50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

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So popular with the Ladies  
for rendering their teeth  
pearly white.

With the Gentlemen for  
cleansing their teeth and  
perfuming the breath. It  
removes all traces of tobac-  
co smoke. Is perfectly  
harmless and delicious to  
the taste.

Sent by mail for 25 CENTS.  
At all dealers. Send 2-cent  
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E. Cooper & Hardenburgh, Chemists, Kingston, N. Y.

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"You were talking about a queer union when  
I came in."

"Yes; Miss Goldsmith is going to be married  
to Mr. Silverstein."—Judge.

### FAUTH'S GERMAN PILLS.

An absolute Cure for Weakness of Men. Sent by  
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## Highest score in Quality and Absolute Purity.

## " Hop and Malt Flavor.

## " Brilliancy.

## Highest score in Commercial Importance of Brewery.







NOT THAT BLUE.

MISS HANKS—"Who is that man with the empty sleeve you just spoke to?"  
 CLEMENT—"Captain Ketchum. He lost an arm winning a victory for the blue."  
 MISS HANKS—"Introduce me; I have a brother at Yale."

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how fittingly it begins all good dinners. One pound of

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**Extract of BEEF**

will make delicious soup for 6 persons daily for 30 days. We mail Cook Book free; send us your address.

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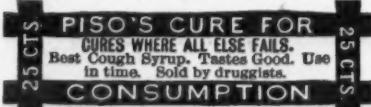
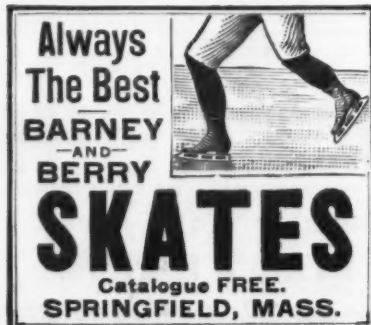


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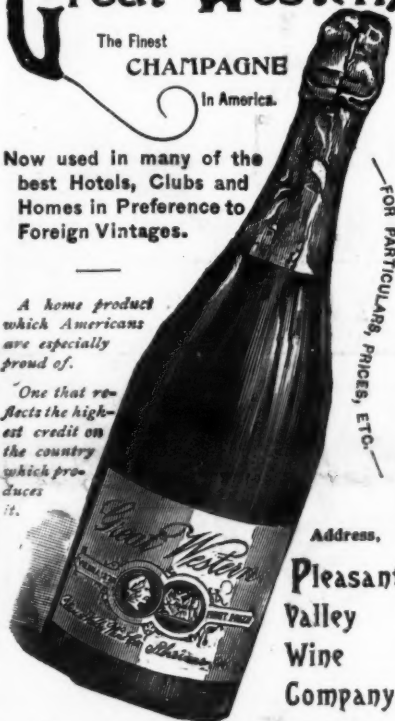
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As a medical comfort and stimulant. The Medical Profession recommends highly the use of

**LIEBIG COMPANY'S Extract**

in all cases of weakness and digestive disorder. Try a cup when exhausted and see how refreshing it is.

This is a facsimile of the signature of Justus von Liebig on the jar.

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